

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S RETURN.

By BARRY PAIN
(See page 702).

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The men or women who are ill-nourished must inevitably have undesirable appetites and cravings for drugs and stimulants, and must also have ill-balanced minds, for their brains and nerves are not in a sound normal condition. They are, therefore, almost sure to be the sport of fancies, suspicions, irritability, and melancholy, and can scarcely be good husbands or wives, good neighbours, or good parents.

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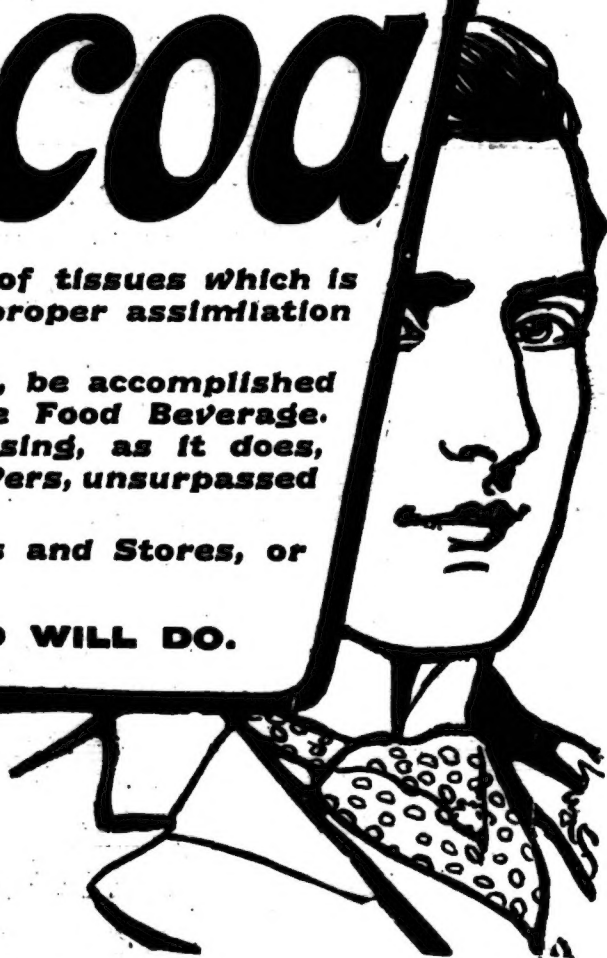
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A POSTCARD WILL DO.

Makes Good Husbands.



Grown Up at Fourteen.

MISCHA ELMAN, the Boy Violinist, Tells His Life Story.

[THOUGH not yet fifteen years old Mischa Elman is none the less one of the foremost violinists of the day. He is a boy of extraordinary intelligence and original ideas apart from his gift for music, so that the story of his life, which he has specially written for Pearson's *Weekly*, makes both interesting and entertaining reading.]

I suppose that I had better begin by saying that I was born on January 21st, 1891, at Tainoje, a little village in the south of Russia, where it is very cold in the winter, and very hot in the summer. There my father was a schoolmaster. Our house was a tiny little wooden one, because, of course, we were quite poor.

The first thing that I can remember is my father playing on the violin when I was quite a baby. Since then I seem to have heard nothing but music, even in my dreams. By and by I wanted to play, too, and begged my father to buy me a violin, but for a long time he refused, partly, I expect, because we had not very much money. At last one day, when he had been to the nearest town, he brought me back a child's violin. I was so delighted that I wanted to sit up all night and play on it. But, of course, this was not allowed.

In a week, however, I was able to play almost everything my father could. He did not teach me very much because I had watched him so closely and so often that I knew how to make almost every note. At the end of six months I could play anything that I had once heard.

THE OFFER OF THE PRINCESS.

Of course, I wanted to be a musician, and my father thought my playing so good that he wanted me to be a musician, too.

At this time the Princess Urusof, who was the President of our community, heard of my being able to play at my early age, and she sent word to my father that he was to bring me up to the castle, and as she had not a piano in her castle, she got a quartet together to play the accompaniments to the pieces that I should play to her.

After she had heard me she was so delighted with my playing that she told my father that, if he would allow her to adopt me and give his permission to my becoming a Catholic, she would pay for the whole of my education, and she would guarantee that I should take the position of one of the greatest artists the world had ever known.

This so impressed my father that, although he immediately refused her offer, which, in his position, seemed almost staggering, on account of the demand that I should change my religion, that he decided to sell our little home and take me to Odessa, where the Imperial Conservatoire was very celebrated owing to its professors.

Before they accepted me as a pupil I had to play before the professors of the Imperial School.

A CHALLENGE TO THE PROFESSOR.

I had often heard of what a beautiful instrument the piano was, and I was so interested at the prospect of seeing one and hearing one that, when I went into the room where I was to play, I was so overcome at the sight of the grand piano that I fell to the ground and broke my poor little violin. However, they gave me another, and when I had played to them they said that they would take me into the school.

In the spring of 1904, while I was at the Conservatoire in St. Petersburg, where the Tsar gave me a free education, a young player came to St. Petersburg, a little younger than myself, and his playing made a very great impression, so much so on the critics, that they went up to Professor Anser, who happened to be at the concert, and said: "Did you ever hear anything like this in your life?"

The professor, who, perhaps, naturally had a good opinion of his pupil, was kind enough to say that he had a boy in his class who was far finer.

The critics laughed at the professor, and would not believe what he said, and at last they challenged him, if his boy was better than the one they had heard at the concert that night, to produce his boy.

The professor accepted the challenge, and so, before he had intended doing it, I was brought out before the public.

To everybody's astonishment, as well as to my own, all rights reserved.]

my success was phenomenal, and the result of it was that I was at once engaged to go to Berlin.

But I was very nearly prevented from ever appearing in public at all, because, on the first night that I arrived in Berlin, by some chance in turning off the gas and in the morning I was nearly asphyxiated, and it took the doctor a long time to get me back to life and get me well enough to go and play at the matinee, which was given specially for the critics to hear me.

They were so kind to me, and said such beautiful things about me next morning in the papers, that I became suddenly famous in the capital of musical Germany. My successes in all countries have given me the greatest pleasure.

Why I liked Berlin so immensely was owing to my acquaintance with a general of the German Army, who took a very deep interest in me, and gave me my greatest pleasure during my stay in teaching me all the military evolutions of the Army, and that is, even to this day, my greatest hobby.

Whilst I was at the Imperial Conservatoire they took me to play before the Tsar. He was quite nice to me, but did not say very much.

AN INTERESTED MONARCH.

Last spring I was brought to London, and I was simply astonished when they took me to the Savoy Hotel. I thought it was the most beautiful place I had ever seen—more beautiful even than the Tsar's palace at St. Petersburg. The next thing I liked best in London, too, was the way in which your policeman stopped the traffic. I like every policeman in London; they are such nice, smiling people, and so different from the police, who try to make trouble, in Russia. I like them, too, because they look so strong. I am very strong myself, and when I am not playing the violin, I love to wrestle. One famous critic who came to see me was quite shocked when he saw me, in fun, throw my pianist down and sit on him.

When the King of Spain was in London I was commanded to go to the palace by King Edward. King Edward, who I think is quite one of the nicest men I ever met, was most kind. He stood up and leant on the piano all the time I played, and I was grateful to him because he took so much interest in my playing.

Queen Alexandra was charming, too, but I was surprised to see how young King Alfonso looked. He really seemed too young to be a king.

Afterwards King Edward sent me a diamond ring and an awfully nice letter.

"KISSING IS SO SILLY."

After all, I am not sure that I should not be glad if the London people were less attentive. I want to be appreciated for my music, and not for myself.

They have asked me a good deal to go out to dinners and teas and various amusements, but, of course, it is quite impossible to accept invitations, as I have to work much too hard.

Also, I do wish, although I do not want to be rude, that the ladies did not want to kiss me. I hate kissing; it is so silly. I would not have it, and when I first came to London, I used to point to the gentleman who took me round to the concert, and say, "He kisses, I play!"

Then they gave me such silly things. Is it likely that I, an artist, want toys? Yet they have given me mechanical trains and rocking-horses, and goodness knows what. I gave them all to my little baby sister, who is the most beautiful baby in the world. She likes such things. She is not yet an artist as I am.

Another thing I hate very much is to be called an "infant prodigy." I am not an infant prodigy; I am nearly fifteen years old, and an artist, and I want to be judged as an artist, and not as a little boy who plays the violin. That is not art, nor is it sense.

I thought this matter out, and came to the conclusion that they called me an "infant prodigy" partly because I used to wear a sailor's suit and knickerbockers. I grumbled about this, but at first I was told that I was not old enough to wear trousers.

At last I got so cross that I went and ordered some trousers for myself. And now I shall always wear trousers, and no longer be called by that horrid name "infant prodigy." Am I not an artist, and am I not nearly fifteen years old?

Mischa Elman

BOTH HAD SIGNS.

AN Irishman was walking along a road alongside the links when he was suddenly struck between the shoulders with a golf ball. The force of the blow knocked him down, and when he got up he observed a golfer running towards him.

"Are you hurt?" queried the player. "Why didn't you get out of the way?"

"And why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didn't know there were any assassins round here."

"But I called 'fore,'" said the player, "and when I say 'fore' that is a sign for you to get out of the way."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, then, when I say 'foive' it's a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive!'"

"THEY have some china that has been in the family for years."

"Indeed? Haven't they any servants?"

WAITER: "The bill of fare, sir?"

Farmer Turmote: "I don't care 'bout readin' now. I'll wait till after dinner."

TO GET RID OF HIM.

BRASS bands are still in great favour in the North; at least, so it would appear from a conversation overheard recently.

"I 'ear, Mrs. Tims," observed one old lady to another, "as your son's left the Blarers an' joined the Thunderers. Be that true?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tims; "it's true."

"An' I 'ear that he got a sovereign for changing bands. Is that true?"

"Oh, yis."

"Gracious, ye owt to be proud o' that son o' yours, Mrs. Tims. If the Thunderers 'll give a sovereign for 'im 'e must be a good player."

"Oh, well," corrected Mrs. Tims, "'twasn't exactly that way. The sovereign wasn't a bribe from the Thunderers. It was a sort o' thank-offering from the Blarers."

OLD GENTLEMAN (pointing to lanky youth at his side in the tramcar): "How much for this boy—half fare, I suppose?"

Conductor: "Well, no. He looks as if he were kept on half fare at home, and needs a change. Full fare, please."

PARENT: "How did you get along with your geography lesson to-day, Johnnie?"

Pupil: "Beautifully. The teacher was so pleased that she made me stay after school, and repeat it all over again, only just to her."

BOILING WATER THAT DOES NOT COOK.

WATER boils at different temperatures, according to the altitude of the land, and when the boiling point is less than 212 degrees Fahrenheit, the water will not cook some vegetables properly.

An illustration of this fact was afforded to some travellers who ascended the Andes. At a point which was something like 12,000 feet above the sea level, they decided to cook some vegetables, including potatoes. The water boiled well enough, but the potatoes did not cook. How was it?

At that altitude the atmospheric pressure is different, and thus water is enabled to boil at a lower temperature than 212 degrees. How much lower it was they unfortunately did not determine, but they had practical proof of the fact that the potatoes required a temperature nearer to 212 degrees than they could get before they would boil.

In order to increase the temperature at which the water would boil, they should have added more salt. Brine boils at a higher point than plain water, so by adding salt they could gradually have increased the heat, till it arrived within the neighbourhood of 212 degrees, and the potatoes would have been cooked: but in that case they would probably have been so salt that they would not have been very enjoyable.

Many other curious effects are to be noted in such altitudes. Some kinds of sugar are useless for consumption up there; the difference in the surroundings renders them insoluble or otherwise worthless to human beings.

The fact that people suffer from bleeding at the nose is attributable to the difference in atmospheric pressure; for, as one man put it in homely fashion, "there is not enough outside force to keep things in their places."

This story started in No. 617. Back numbers may be obtained through your newsagent for threepence, or post free for fourpence-halfpenny from these offices.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S RETURN

By BARRY FAIN.*

Author of "Playthings and Parodies," "Eliza," "The One Before," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Milk and Moral Reflections.

Rising early next morning I came forth from my thicket and made my way with stealth to the water-side, and there, after much seeking, I lighted on three eggs. Two of these were real duck's eggs, and of the third I cannot speak more particularly, as I found, on tasting it, that the copyright had expired. Nor did I dare to make a fire and so cook them in the ashes, lest my fire should attract human beings or keep off wild animals.

I also saw a swan. And how its plumage shone! But when I'd got a brick to throw I found the bird had gone.

So once more I went back to my hiding-place, and there lay until such time as the park was opened and I might venture to show myself; then, going forth from the park, I came upon a milkman with his cart, and before each door he deposited a can of his milk. And at this I burst into tears, for here (so my thoughts ran) I had at last discovered an example of that simple and brotherly trust which I had thought to be now extinct among men. Why should it not be ever thus? Is man, then, so debased and sunk in civilisation that he can be trusted with nothing but milk and the Encyclopædia Britannica? Having beaten my breast, I then proceeded to business.

However, even here my ill-fortune pursued me, for just as I was drinking my second can of milk the door before which it had been placed suddenly opened, and a woman appeared clad principally in what happened to come first. I think that never in my life did I hear so much noise made about so little milk, for I had not left one-third of a pint in the can.

But I remembered my father's advice, viz., to quit all unseemly brawling, and so did not stay to discuss the matter with her; and as her costume was such as to prevent her from venturing beyond her doorstep I passed quickly round the corner. But I now determined that ever after this if I should have occasion to take milk in this way I would first secure the handle of the door by a stout cord to some nail or post, or if there was none such, then to the handle of the next door.

Thus it had always been with me since I came to this island, viz., that what one accustomed to civilisation would do with ease and safety I did but with great risk and difficulty. I make no doubt that George Rats would have collected this milk all down one street and sold it again all down the next without one such unhappy altercation as had befallen me.

I then made my way back to the park again, and, falling into talk with a park-keeper, learnt much about the dog, though nothing to my profit; for the sum of which one is mulcted in entrance-money was more than I could easily spare, and I found that even if I paid this sum iron bars have been put up to prevent the public getting at the lions and injuring or defrauding them. This I could not but applaud, as well for its wisdom as for its generosity, for I make no doubt that if such a one as George Rats had not been thus prevented he would have taken the lion's mane to stuff a sofa-cushion, removed the gold stopping from its back-tooth, and secured the serial use of its Sunday dinner for the next three years at sacrificial prices.

Yet there was little need to protect the poor beast from me, seeing that I was quite innocent of civilisation, and only anxious to be friendly, so that this talk of park-keepers did but add to my dejection.

In this state of mind, then, I sat down in as remote a spot as I could find (not daring to enter my hiding-place by daylight), and there pondered upon my situation—to be without friends or help in a dangerously civilised country, with ripe guavas exceedingly scarce, and the society of lions priced far beyond my means. But there was somewhat also to be cast up

on the other side, and, taking out my note-book, I made out the account as follows:

Evil.
I have outlived my epoch and almost forgotten my long-vanished youth.

I am come to a civilised country, where all is strange to me.

I am credibly informed that the police are learning German and jiu-jitsu.

I have lost a great part of my money.

I am a miserable outcast, and a confirmed breast-beater.

Now, by this my mind was much relieved, for on casting all up and striking my balance I found, so near as I could tell, that I still owed Providence about four-and-six; and whereas I had before seen no other way by which I might get my dinner than by going out and paying for it, I now took fresh heart and resolved to set my wits to work.

This was now imperative, for I was no longer upon a desert island, with a convenient wreck to serve as a General Emporium and morning and evening deliveries by express tide of all goods required. I was in a commercial centre, viz., a place where you might not perhaps have what you paid for, but you would certainly have to pay for what you had. I was the victim, too, of further rules and regulations, all strange to me, as I presently found; for, taking from my pocket a kind of pipe or whistle that I had fashioned for my entertainment while I was with George Rats, I had no sooner begun upon a finished and sympathetic rendering of the Prellied from the Meistersinger than a park-keeper most strongly ordered me to desist and put that damthing in my pocket. This I did very obediently, reflecting on the change from my last place, where (pause—and then very slowly) I was monarch of all I surveyed; and my right there was none to dispute; and none interfered when I played a thing of my own on the flute.

For the space, then, of two hours or more, I set my wits to work, pacing the park the while, as I have frequently found that by a gentle exercise the processes of the mind are somewhat aided.

Also, I encouraged myself greatly, saying: "Crusoe, you overcame the cannibals; you made yourself a sea-going boat out of an old tree and a bit of stamp-paper; you discovered the secret of Eternal Middle-age; you wrote a moral and improving book of adventures for the young. Now, again, you have but to think out the means to the end."

At the conclusion of this time my activity of mind and body had engendered in me a very hearty and natural appetite for food, but had not indicated any method by which I might obtain my dinner without paying for it. And at first I was reluctant to do this, for my entire capital was but small, and in so doing I must needs lose a part of it; but I conquered this when I looked more deeply into the matter, for capital is of no avail unless it be productive of interest, which mine at this moment was not. Nay, to spend it upon my dinner was a manner of making that capital productive of interest in the form of renewed strength, spirits and mental activity. So I went to the nearest eating-house and invested two-and-nine.

On my return I discovered at once the means which I had been seeking of obtaining my dinner for the future without paying for it. I observed in the Park a flock of sheep straying in the direction of that close plantation or thicket where I had laid the night before. What could be simpler for me, choosing my moment, than to make a sudden rush, and, dragging one of these sheep into my lair, to despatch it with my knife? I should by this action be ensuring for the other sheep the more grass to eat, lessening the competition between them, and thus conferring no small kindness upon their owner.

So then with no little cunning I marked down my sheep and went after it, and at the same time a large dog, of whose presence I had been unaware, went after me. It was an interesting event, but spoiled by the most disgraceful uproar and confusion on the course. Dog won; Park-keeper and Policeman, second and third. Also ran, two housemaids, a telegraph-boy, and the waiter from the Refreshment Kiosk.

CHAPTER VIII.

Another Two and Ninepence Spent.

Or the conversation which followed I can give no particular account, as during the great part of the time I was endeavouring to disentangle myself from the dog, and to sort out what belonged to each respectively. But the main conclusion was that I was to leave the park at once, and was never to come there any more. One of the housemaids added with severity:

"No, nor anywhere else, neither."

The general feeling seeming to be against me, I

then retired. The telegraph boy followed me out of the park, and wishing to avoid his company, I asked him if he had not better get about his business.

"Like the rest of 'em," said the boy, "if they see one of us in the street they always think he ought to be off at top speed to let the suffering family know that all's well and it's a girl. As a matter of fact chaps in my profession do occasionally go off duty, and that's what I'm doing."

I replied briefly that I saw no reason in this why he should follow me. He in his turn urged, as was indeed true, that I had not purchased the street and that the usufruct thereof lay as well with him as with me. He said further that, if I wanted to know, he followed me because he wished to see what I should do next, and he had always hated to miss anything; and that an uncle of his, who had been touched in the head, much the same as myself, had once broken fourteen shop windows in Oxford Street before the police could down him, and was in other respects a rare old treat.

At this I walked away with no little dignity; but the boy following, and by loud and untimely remarks calling public attention to me, I had no recourse but to enter the eating-house where I had been before. Here, then, I invested some further portion of my capital and mourned over my sad fate and meditated upon the future, for it was plain to me that if I were again apprehended in Regent's Park I should be like to find rough treatment.

Thus, then, I made my plans—viz., to remain without the park until night had fallen, and then with all possible secrecy to get me to that lair or hiding-place in the thicket where I had left my goods; and there to lie for one night and no more; and on the next morning, so soon as it should be light, to start off in the direction of London Docks and to find work on some outward-bound vessel. And I had it in my mind to inquire diligently if there were not some vessel engaged in the managerie import trade, for to such I could have indicated an island where there was a specially cheap line of panthers. Moreover, as I knew six distinct ways of catching a panther, including the saline-caudal, I doubted not in such a case to get no mean reward for my services.

Knowing, then, the many dangers that attend the undertaking of any great enterprise without due provision, I entered an eating-house and there broke my fast to the extent of about two-and-ninepence; but I was sore pained to see how rapidly my stock of money was dwindling, and—rightly or wrongly—I came to this conclusion—viz., that if I continued to spend money freely, and at the same time neglected to make good what was spent, I should ultimately become poorer than I was at present.

So after breakfast I took a simple way to settle which was my right direction to the docks; for being a seafaring man myself I knew full well that it was there that the gaiety as well as the business of a great city would be chiefly centred, and I had no more to do than to observe the direction in which the greater number of people was walking, and by following them to come to the end of my present distressing experiences, and so to get free of this very untoward and inconvenient civilisation.

My trouble was that during the first minute the greater number of people seemed to be going in one direction, and that the next minute they seemed to be going in another, and that clean contrary to the first. Having, then, no other resource, I determined to make my decision by the spin of a coin, a method which my friend George Rats had frequently used, and generally to his own advantage. The coin fell head uppermost; and, as I subsequently discovered, I lost.

CHAPTER IX.

The Feast of St. Bartholomew.

ARRA I had trudged on foot for what seemed to me to be a wearisome time, I found myself, not indeed at the docks, but at a vast open space, covered partly with grass, but more especially with side shows; and after much questioning and being frequently rebuffed and treated with contempt, I was told in the first place that it was Hampstead Heath, and in the second place that I had better go to bed and sleep it off. Now I was correctly informed that this was Hampstead Heath, but as to the other matters I could only reply that I was a simple, seafaring man, with an unfortunate tendency to shipbuilding on no more promising material than a soap-box and a blunt pocket-knife, and that, having already slept for two nights and a day, I had no urgent occasion for the present to do anything in that direction.

I began then to look about me, at the great concourse of people and at those occupations which seemed to present to them the greatest attraction. And the more I looked the greater became my wonder, at the effects of civilisation sitting (as it says in the obituary notices) on an already enfeebled constitution; for it is reasonable to suppose that if a man spends money he shall spend it upon that which gives him pleasure, and not upon that which causes him the most manifest suffering.

Yet I observed in one place that there were men who had horses for hire, and for a small sum one might ride an insignificant distance, supposing that one could stay on the horse for that distance; and there were many who advertised it, and the horses being very

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Printer's Reader: "But this is poetry."

Editor: "Hush! The poor man has got enough against him as it is."

low-minded and worthless, riders were, as a rule, thrown off during the first few moments, and ploughed up the mud with their faces, and disordered their clothing, and became objects of much ridicule.

Yet those who stood by and witnessed the fall of the adventurers, and thoroughly enjoyed it, were not required to pay anything, else had I not participated; but those who provided the show and caused great delight to others at the expense of much pain to themselves, as well moral as physical, were mulcted in certain moneys.

Then, again, in a great booth where an exhibition of boxing was given, a man would pay to be allowed to put on the gloves with a negro who said that he was the Bermondsey Triumph; and the Bermondsey Triumph would then strike him violently upon the nose and wipe up the floor with him with his head and generally maltreat him.

There was yet another instance of the alarming spread of insanity in the state of civilisation. In many different places a man would set up a row of cocoanuts and invite others to roll, bowl, or pitch, maintaining loudly that it was habitual with him to change all bad nuts, and that it was half-way for the ladies. Now the man who failed to hit a nut suffered no more than the loss of that small coin which was but a fair recompense for a healthy exercise accompanied by almost unduly flattering comments from the proprietor of the cocoanuts; but he that was a good marksman received no such encouragement, and was moreover compelled to take away every coconut he hit.

Now, what sort of a holiday is a man likely to have who has to carry the baby in one hand, and has four cocoanuts in his only handkerchief in the other, and has, moreover, to wheel the perambulator?

But it is all one—wherever I went I saw this same inclination to spend money on that which was of no profit but rather of positive disadvantage to the purchaser; so that it occurred to me that I might make a comfortable livelihood by offering to poke out people's eyes with a red-hot iron at the price of sixpence a jab, money returned if the eyesight is not entirely destroyed.

But without further digression I must now recount how I carried out my plans. By far the greater part of them I did not carry out at all. I have more than once remarked that when I set closely before me the place to which I intend to go, it but seldom happens that I arrive there. On the other hand, if I have not the slightest intention of going anywhere in particular, I frequently get there much sooner than I had expected. I may say at once that I never got to London Docks at all, and in consequence did not engage myself in the panther trade, for which I am truly thankful, being informed that there is now but little demand for panthers or for any other wild beast except chauffeurs.

However, so far as Regent's Park I followed out my plan, and made myself all snug in my secret place with my bundle for a pillow. It was a warm, moonlight night, and the howling of the hyenas in the Zoological Gardens made it feel so much like home that I thought with pain that I must leave this spot on the morrow; yet I was still resolved to do it.

Now, in my last place, I had been accustomed to keep an account of time by cutting notches in a piece of wood—viz., one notch for every day and night, and this practice I was minded to resume rather than to trust to common report or to the opinion of the new-sheets; so before I went to sleep I duly cut me my notch in one of the trees.

This, then, was on Saturday night, and when I awoke I supposed it to be Sunday morning, but, in truth, as I soon found out, I had slept through the whole of Sunday and it was now Monday, which was a problem I have never since been able rightly to resolve; for there was still but one notch on the tree, and if one notch means one day, then two days should make two notches.

I was the more confirmed in my error because, on leaving the park, I observed that the shops appeared to be shut, and a closer examination revealed to me that they appeared to be shut because they really were shut; but I cannot hold it to be either right or necessary that an inquirer who rings the private bell to know whether the shop-closure is intentional or otherwise should have so many noxious missiles hurled at him from the upper stories of the house.

However, by dint of many inquiries, I discovered that this was not Sunday, albeit it was a day held sacred; and the exact name of the saint to whom it was consecrated I could not gather, but it sounded to me like Bengholdy. Willing though I was to conform with any local superstition so far as my conscience might permit, I could not set aside my resolution to go forthwith to the London Docks and there to engage myself aboard some vessel for what I was worth, or, if possible, slightly more.

But it is not my wont to act lightly in such matters, or to take a course of action suddenly without seeking advice from those who may be disposed to proffer it. So I mixed myself with the men of the booths, and, indeed, with all others that were tempting the crowd of visitors to part with their money, and professed my readiness for a job of any kind, and in the meantime paid for several measures of beer as a guarantee of good faith.

(To be continued.)



How the
New
Parliament
will
Create
Laws for
the Country.

To Prevent Quarrelling Members Settle Their Right to Introduce Bills by Drawing Lots.

A Bill is Read Three Times in Each House Before It Becomes Law.

In the beginning, of course, a Parliamentary Bill has its birth in the brain of a member of the House of Commons. That gentleman, becoming enthusiastic concerning the benefits to be derived by the proposed law, confides his idea to his friends in the House, and together they discuss its merits and demerits.

Eventually, after the whole scheme has been thoroughly thought out, the clauses of the suggested measure are put down on paper to await introduction in the Commons.

This follows upon permission being given by the Speaker to the proposer of the Bill at the close of Parliamentary business for the day, and its title is then read out to the members by the Clerk of the House.

The titles of other suggested laws will doubtlessly be read out at the same time, the proposers, seconders, and supporters of which naturally are eager for them to come before the House as speedily as possible. So, to prevent any quarrelling, the names of the proposers of the Bills are committed to paper, placed in a box, and drawn out one by one.

THE FIRST READING IS USUALLY FORMAL.

The owner of the first name thus drawn out has the satisfaction of knowing that the measure he favours will come first on the list for the "first reading." The motion "fathered" by the member whose name is on the second slip withdrawn will come second on the list, and so on.

When this stage is reached, the Bill is printed and a copy placed in the hands of all members, who thus have full opportunities to study the clauses and to decide whether or no they shall give their support to the measure.

At the first reading by the Speaker little or no comment is made; that is kept for the second reading. Then it is that the proposer of the Bill rises to his feet to make an eloquent effort to convince the members of the many advantages the community will enjoy by placing the measure he suggests upon the statute-book.

At the close of his speech the proposer, loudly cheered by his supporters, gives way to the seconder or other of his friends, who also, of course, extols the measure. Should it succeed in obtaining a majority when put to the vote in the House, the committee stage is next entered upon.

Bills relating to law and courts of justice and trade are placed before two standing committees for consideration, but Bills which cannot conveniently be dealt with in the House come before a committee of the whole House.

A MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT.

Now the unfriendly criticism commences, and the Bill's supporters rise again and again, if need be, to explain doubtful clauses or answer questions, to contradict assertions, or to add new, strengthening arguments.

In time so many alterations and amendments are made that the Bill becomes quite a different thing from what it was originally. Upon clause after clause, sometimes upon even a single word, the members are required to give their opinions by crying "Aye" or "No." These are usually decided by "divisions."

The taking of a division is a very interesting process. Directly the question to be divided on is put from the Chair, the Clerk at the table turns a two-minute hour-glass, which is kept specially for the purpose, while in the meantime the precincts of the House resound with the tinkling of electric bells. Cries of "Division" also echo along the passages from the throats of policemen.

From every quarter of the House, Members come hurrying at the summons, and as the hour-glass registers that the two minutes are up the Serjeant-at-Arms at once proceeds to lock the outer door leading into the Members' lobby. The question is again put to the House by the Speaker, to be again responded to by shouts of "Aye!" and "No!"

A teller is named for each side, and immediately the "Ayes" file into the right lobby, the "Noes" passing into the left lobby. The lobbies are locked, the names of Members are ticked off as they pass through, and they are also counted by the tellers as they leave. The result of the division is then told by the winning teller, standing at the left hand of the

Speaker. A possibility of a close division always makes this moment one of great excitement.

To limit the length of a debate or the number of speakers, and so prevent abuses of Parliament's time, it is sometimes necessary for the Leader of the House to suggest to the Speaker that he put the "closure"—that is, to at once settle a question by calling for a division upon it without further debate. The Speaker, however, has power to decline if he so wills.

Then comes the third reading of the Bill in its corrected form, after which it is taken personally by the Clerk of the House to the House of Lords.

Here, again, there are three readings, and again the opponents of the Bill will do their utmost to defeat and reject the measure. As in the Commons, disputed matters are put to the vote, amendments and emendations being made.

If finally agreed to at the third reading, the Clerk of the House of Lords carries the Bill back to the Commons, where, with its alterations, it is once more read and passed. All that now remains for it to become a law of the country is for the King to give his assent to its enactment by placing upon it his signature.

An Act comes into force so soon as it receives the Royal assent, unless, of course, some other time has been indicated in it.

A QUICK PASSAGE.

If a Bill has been rejected by either of the Houses, it is a rule that it may not be introduced again during the same session. Indeed, in order that a rejected Bill may be brought in again with as little delay as possible, Parliament before now has been specially prorogued.

The public Acts of Parliament passed in a session form one statute, which is divided into chapters for convenience of reference. Thus the Bills passed this session will be known as the "5 Edward VII., chap. 1," and so on; that is, each chapter will form part of the statute law made in the session which began in the fifth year of King Edward's reign, or, in other words, 1906.

Copies of the statutes are engrossed for preservation among the rolls of Parliament, and printed copies are sent to all judges and magistrates. All the same, no form of publication is required to give validity to a statute. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. All subjects are bound to take note of and obey the law.

It has happened that Acts have been put before both Houses and passed through all the various stages in a single day. The Bill suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, in 1883, was so passed, receiving the Royal assent shortly after midnight.

A similar thing occurred with regard to the Explosives Bill, introduced in the House of Commons by the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, in 1883 after an attempt to injure one of the Government offices in Whitehall. On this occasion, however, while the Bill passed through both Houses the same evening, the Royal assent could not be communicated till the following day.

He: "What is the difference between yourself and a mirror, Maudie?"

She: "Give it up. What is it?"

He: "The mirror reflects without speaking, and you speak without reflecting."

"Oh, Georgie, your great love has made me happy for life!"

"Then you love me—you will be mine?"

"Not quite, Georgie. Your great love for me has made young Bullions so jealous that he's proposed at last, and I've accepted him. You have made me happy for life, Georgie!"

BEFORE THE COMPANY, TOO.

DOMESTIC: "Begging your pardon for interrupting you and the company, sir, but the grocer is here with his bill, sir, and—"

Mr. Short (anxious to gain time): "Have you looked over that bill to see if it is correct?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. How am I to know that it is not full of mistakes? Some other day, when I have more time—"

"Oh, I am sure it's all right, sir. He's very good at figures."

"How should I know that?"

"Why, sir, he said this was the twenty-seventh time he's called with the bill, and I know that is so, because I kept count myself."

LANCASTER: "My wife paid £3 for a new bonnet, I'm sorry to say."

Forester: "You're not half as sorry as I am."

"How's that?"

"Why, when my wife hears of it she will want one that costs more."

HOTEL BURGLAR: "Now, sir, tell me at once where your valuables are."

Guest (with much coolness): "And if I tell you, will you let me go off to sleep again?"

Burglar: "All right."

Guest: "Well, they're all locked up in the land-lord's safe downstairs. Good-night."

CATCHING RATTLESNAKES WITH HOOKS.

HUNTERS have an ingenious method of capturing rattlesnakes, whose oil is believed to be a cure for deafness, and as such commands a big price.

They go about on warm days, carrying a long fishing-rod and a line, with a sharp scythe, and when the reptile is discovered, usually asleep near a loose edge of rock, it is prodded more or less gently with the rod.

Like any other sleeper suddenly interrupted, the snake wakes up angry, makes a dart at the nearest irritating object, which is the fish-hook dangling near his head from the end of the rod, and very accommodatingly allows the sharp hook to penetrate its jaws.

The man with the rod holds the entrapped reptile at a safe distance, while his comrade moves up and severs the snake's head from the body. The latter is then deposited in a bag, and the hunters go in search of fresh game.

THE biggest edible oysters in the world are found in Australia. They measure sometimes more than a foot across the shell.

THE eyes of newly-born infants are always blue. They do not begin to assume their permanent colour until the sixth or eighth week after birth.

HOW PEPPER IS PRODUCED.

THE most common and widely used of all spices is pepper. It is a native of the East Indies, but is now cultivated in various parts of the tropical belt of America. The plant is a climber, and has a smooth stem sometimes twelve feet long. The fruit is about the size of a pea, and when ripe is a bright red colour.

In cultivation the plant is supported by poles. In some localities small trees are used instead of poles, for the best pepper is grown in a certain degree of shade.

The plant is propagated by cuttings, comes into bearing three or four years after it is set, and yields two crops annually for about twelve years.

When a few of the berries turn from green to red all of them are gathered, because if they were allowed to ripen any longer they would be less pungent. To fit them for the market they are dried, separated by rubbing with the hands, and cleaned by winnowing.

Pepper was known to the ancients. In the middle ages it was one of the most costly of spices, a pound of it being a royal present.

CIGARROO leaves, well dried, were smoked in Britain prior to the introduction of tobacco.

A CATERPILLAR in the course of a month will devour six thousand times its own weight in food. It will take a man three months before he eats a quantity of food equal to his own weight.

SKATING AFTER WOLVES.

THE Swedish Lapps live entirely with, by, and upon their reindeer. A Lapp who owns a thousand deer is a very rich man; but, as taxes are assessed upon the number of deer, he is inclined to under-estimate his herd.

The most dangerous enemy to the herd is the wolf, who, if so disposed, can kill thirty deer in a night. A band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor.

When the snow is deep and soft, and it is announced that wolf-tracks have been seen in the neighbourhood of the deer, the swiftest runners on snow-shoes prepare for an exciting chase. The wolf may have a start of a mile or two, but the track it leaves in the deep, soft snow is so prominent that the hunters can follow it at their best speed.

The wolf, though he may run fast, has but slight chance of escaping the short men who, on snow-shoes, rush through the wood, dart down steep hills, and jump from ledges several yards in height. Each hunter does his best to outrun the others, for the wolf belongs to the Lapp who strikes the first blow.

As soon as the leading hunter is close enough to the wolf he gives it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong spiked snow-shoe staff. If there are other wolves to be pursued, he kills it outright; if not, he disables it, and waits till all the hunters have arrived before giving the death-stroke.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

LITTLE Mary was experiencing all the poignant suffering which manifest ingratitude always brings in its train. Her little brother, only now convalescent from an attack of measles, was sitting up in bed munching at a sponge cake.

"Won't you give your little sister a piece?" she asked coaxingly. "No; I won't," said Arthur, with uncompromising decision. And he ate on steadily till the last mouthful was disposed of. Then Mary could stand it no longer.

"Mother," she cried, "Arthur's a wicked, greedy boy. He won't give me the tiniest piece of his cake, and all the time it was me that gave him the measles!"

MOTHER (policeman's wife): "Willie, I've been shouting for you this half-hour. How is it you are never here when you are wanted?"

Son: "Well, mother, I suppose I take after father."

CRITIC: "They say the fashionable mother of to-day can only recognise her own baby by looking at the nurse."

Fashionable Mother: "How heartless; and how extraordinarily clever, when one changes nurses so often! I always tell mine by its motor perambulator."

COULDN'T RIDE MUCH.

FEELING that it was his duty to reprove one of his clergy for attending a foxhunt, the Bishop had an interview with him.

"Well, your lordship," said the offender, "there is no more harm in hunting once a week, like I do, than going to dances and balls."

"I presume," answered his lordship, "that you refer to my name, as it is often mentioned in the papers that I was present at Mr. So-and-So's ball; but I assure you, sir, that I never was once in the same room as the dancers—never, sir."

"Well, my lord," said the clergyman, "that's exactly my position, for I am never in the same field as the hounds—never, your lordship!"

The Bishop collapsed into silence, and ere long that young clergyman got called to a better living.

"Are you the head waiter?" asked a hotel patron of a pompous individual, who was posing near the dining-room.

"Well, sir, I serve in that capacity; but my official title, if you please, is dining-room superintendent."

"I MAKE it an invariable rule," said Mr. Stormington-Barnes, "not to talk about myself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. When I was asked recently who the greatest Hamlet is, I refused to answer."

GETTING A SEAT.

TWO young women boarded a crowded tram yesterday evening. The taller of the two women was looking anxiously about for a seat, when suddenly her face brightened up.

"Move up forward," she said to her companion, "and stop in front of the fat man."

They edged their way until they came to a big, stout man occupying the space of two ordinary persons. Then the taller woman drew a long breath and said:

"Oh, Emily, I think I am going to faint."

The stout man looked alarmed, and, rising quickly, said: "Won't you take my seat, madam?"

Before the words were out of his mouth the two women had glided into the place he had left. Then the taller woman whispered audibly: "Wasn't it easy?"

"She broke her engagement with Miggley."

"Why? Jealousy?"

"No. Quite the other way about. He was so devoted to her that she said she never got a chance to flirt with any of the other men."

"If fashion makes our bonnets any bigger," commented the fair young thing, "I don't know what the women will do."

"I know, ventured the wise youth.

"What? Revolt against fashion?"

"No. Wear the bonnets."

A BLOW IN TIME.

THE man with a brown-paper package beneath his arm hurried through the crowded thoroughfare, closely pursued by a small man of haggard aspect, with a thick stick in his hand.

On and on, relentless as the ticking of a clock, the forlorn man dogged the other, and those who passed him heard an occasional word drop from his lips, indicative of despair, of awful terror.

Finally some of the crowd turned and followed the pair, determined not to miss the fun. The crowd grew larger, and finally a bold man went up to the person of haggard countenance.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

The little man turned.

"Matter?" he echoed. "See that man with a bundle? He is my next-door neighbour, and in that bundle he has a cornet which he has brought for his small son to play upon."

But the crowd waited no longer. It surged ahead with relentless fury and left him to work out his own vengeance.

And the pale moon shone that night on the remains of a battered man and a battered cornet that lay upon the pavement.

FIRST CHAUFFEUR: "There's one thing I hate to run over, and that's a baby."

Second Chauffeur: "So do I; broken nursing bottles ruin the tyres."

GENTLEMAN (who has just saved a lady from drowning): "Can you speak, miss?"

"Yes, sir," said the lady. "Have you a looking-glass about you?"

SLANG HAS HELPED.

SLANG has been responsible for a good many words in the English language. "Mob," now perfectly good English, was at first merely slang for the Latin mobile, the fickle crowd; as "cab" was slang for "cabriolet," and "furlong" for "furrow long," the length of a furrow, and as "nob" is slang for "nobility."

We make words from men's names in the same way. "Boycotting" is good English now. "Martinet," now indispensable, was the name of a historic general over-strict in discipline. "Derrick" was a famous hangman of the seventeenth century, in honour of whom the roughs nicknamed the gallows-like apparatus, and these are a few only out of scores of cases.

"Kidnap" was thieves' slang for child-stealing; that is, to "nab a kid." "Tie," for cravat, was as much the slang of low life as "choker" is now. "Conundrum," and "donkey," and "fun," were all slang words, though perhaps not so low. "Bore" was slang, and so was "bother."

THE making of the lucifer match is a State monopoly in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Roumania, and Servia.

THE idea that the toad is poisonous has a foundation of fact. The skin secretes an acrid fluid, and just behind the head are two sacs, which, when pressed, eject a fluid that burns and stings the skin.

HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small spot-like marks runs along the side of the body. These apparent spots, which are eighteen or twenty in number, are, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance.

Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are merely fringed with stiff, interlocking bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass.

But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to injure the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid, and then placed beneath the receiver of an air-pump.

The apertures in question communicate with two large breathing-tubes, which extend through the entire length of the body. From these main tubes are given off innumerable branches, which run in all directions, and continually divide and subdivide, until a wonderfully intricate network is formed pervading every part of the structure, and penetrating even to the antennae.

THE dolphin is the swiftest fish. For short distances it can swim at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

Russians do not consider it correct for a girl to dance a whole waltz with one partner. Three or four men dance a round or two each with the same lady, returning her to her original partner at the end of the dance.

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Strange Scenes in Churches.

One Church Ecce rages Flirting;
another has Opened a Nursery.

THE Harehills Road New Congregational Church at Leeds have gone so far as to provide a speaking-tube for the deaf. This tube consists of ordinary gas-piping, which is constructed between the pews and the pulpit, where there is a trumpet-like contrivance which acts as the transmitter. At the extreme end there is a funnel-like development of the speaking-tube.

It is suggested that in a short time it will be possible to dispense with the churches to a large extent. All that will be necessary will be to switch on telephones from the various homes of the congregation and connect them with the home of the pastor. Then the pastor will deliver the sermon in his study, and people will remain at home and enjoy the sermon, having all the comforts of their own private room.

It should be added, by the way, that confessions by telephone are not permitted by the Holy See. Some little time ago the Holy See was appealed to on the question whether it would be considered valid to hear confessions made in this manner. As has been mentioned, the decision was in the negative. Archbishop Kain has received another decision from the same source, on the subject of asking dispensations from canonical laws by cable and telegraph. The answer from Rome is that this practice cannot be allowed, and, in fact, it is now specifically condemned.

The preachers of two of the "highest" churches in London—St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, and St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square—are not in favour

of the reporting of sermons. A preacher at one of these churches has vehemently denounced the habit of the Press in recording details of services and criticising sermons. He said they thus sin against "holy reserve." Let them not talk about the music or sermon, much less speak of publishing it.

Possibly the most novel church in the world is a floating church which possesses a tower and steeple. This church is built on the decks of two large boats, and can be moved from point to point on the Delaware River as required. It effects a most striking appearance as it moves up and down the river. This is due to the fact that it possesses a lofty steeple, rising from its square tower, while from the top of the steeple waves a flag with the word "Bethel" upon it. This church is able to follow the sailors about on the surface of the water.

A new steamer, named the *Queen Alexandra*, has been fitted up especially as a floating church and hospital, for service with fishing fleets. She was built at Leith, and was the gift of an anonymous donor to the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. She is provided with the necessary gear for trawling. The *Queen Alexandra* is magnificently equipped, and acts in a first-rate manner as a church to the thousands of men engaged in the deep-sea fisheries.

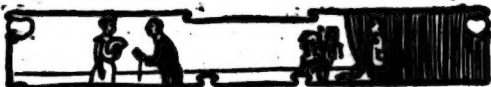
Another very curious church is to be seen at Galleywood, near Chelmsford, in Essex. It stands in the centre of a racecourse, the only other building being

a windmill. The course runs quite close to the church, and two or three races are held there every year. The circumstance is rendered more remarkable by the fact that the church was built after the racecourse was laid out.

It is very probable that in order to attract people to the churches the sermons will be made much shorter. Lord Rosebery remarked that he had some time ago read that one of our bishops had issued a charge to his clergy complaining of the undue shortness of sermons of the present day. This struck him with a melancholy feeling. His lordship said that he should avoid that disease, for he was under the impression that the sermon that was too short had yet to be written.

Whether flirting in church will be encouraged as a means of bringing more people to worship is a debatable point. The Rev. M. B. Williams, however, is distinctly in favour of flirting in church. He says: "The expectation of seeing a young woman home has brought many a man to church for the first time."

One Yorkshire church, in order to attract visitors, undertakes to take care of bicycles and similar articles. A Chicago minister has gone further than this, for he has opened a nursery for the benefit of mothers who have babies so young that they do not care to leave them at home. At the same time these mothers do not care to take them to church lest they disturb the congregation. Hence the necessity of the nursery which has been opened.



How to Cure a Jealous Lover.

By Ellice Beere.

Of all jealous persons, needless to say, the jealous lover is the one most difficult to deal with, and very speedily the woman who has consented to link her lot with his finds out that her pathway in life is not likely to be strewn with roses. Nay, at the very outset of her engagement she is beset by stumbling-blocks of every description, and she must tread warily indeed if she is to avoid disaster.

In the beginning most girls are flattered rather than worried by the wooing of a jealous lover, more particularly in the preliminary days of courtship. A jealous nature is almost invariably accompanied by a passionate and ardent temperament, and this is a combination of qualities which exercises a certain fascination on those of the opposite sex. Angelina experiences a delightful little thrill to know that she can make Edwin tremble and turn pale because she chooses to smile at another, and when she sees him frowning in the doorway on her partner in the walls, her heart leaps with a sense of her own power.

Edwin may scold, may rage, may fret and fume, he may by turns reproach and cajole her; he may even sulk, but in the end he seeks to propitiate her, and she graciously pardons him, and takes him back into favour.

All this is very gratifying to her woman's love of power, and as long as she is free it is all very well; he is anxious to win her, and has to keep within limits. But the time comes when, with his engagement ring on her finger, matters assume a different complexion.

Edwin presumes to dictate and control her actions, or he pleads with her to make the most absurd con-

cessions to his jealousy. It is more than likely Angelina refuses, and then there are storms, tears, reproaches.

These scenes repeat themselves. Edwin poses no longer as a suppliant, but in the guise of a tyrant. His suspicion, his carping, his cavilling, no longer flatter her vanity, but appear rather in the light of insult.

He questions her comings, her goings, her movements, the very turn of her head and glance of her eye, for a jealous man finds sufficient cause for self-torment in the most trifling and innocent actions. Trust and faith are alike impossible to him. His sweetheart may be most devoted, but in his eyes every man is a rival who may win her away from him.

And since it is as impossible for a jealous man to change his nature as it is for a leopard to change his spots, it rests with his sweetheart to make life bearable for him or to render his existence intolerable.

Under no circumstances can love in a jealous man's life prove anything but a very mingled joy and pain, and the woman who truly loves him must be prepared for innumerable sacrifices of herself, her own pleasure, her own convenience, if she would have it be to him a blessing rather than a curse.

She may even, as the price of conciliating him, find herself embroiled in disputes and complications with her own friends and relatives, for such a lover is frequently arbitrary in the things he insists upon or forbids, and she herself meets with plenty of persons who advise her to oppose his demands, stand upon her dignity, bring him to reason, assert her independence, and so on.

Now this is the very worst counsel that could be offered, and could never be acted upon with success. The only cure for a jealous lover is to give way to him on every point and all points.

This policy may be open to criticism from many who will assert that such a method of procedure is calculated to encourage rather than check the vice; but be sure that jealousy, the green-eyed monster which makes the food it feeds on, flourishes quite apart from encouragement or the reverse. The utmost that can be hoped is to keep it in check, and this will be sooner accomplished by means of submission than defiance.

All girls with jealous lovers are advised to yield unhesitatingly to their demands, however unreasonable, however tyrannical. The engaged girl may ask herself "Am I prepared to marry this man?" and if she desires to answer in the affirmative, she must be prepared also to sink her individuality, to recognise the fact that it is hopeless to oppose a jealous man, useless to expect to convert him by dignified attitude or rebuke, and simply adding fuel to flame to attempt persuasion, argument, or clear and logical reasoning on the folly and mischief of his conduct.

Unless a girl is prepared to thus give way to a jealous lover, it is quite impossible for her to remain engaged to him and at the same time live in peace and harmony. But let her give way to him on every hand, and though she will never eradicate jealousy from his nature, she will, as long as she shapes her course on these lines, reap a rich reward in his unswerving devotion; for opposed the jealous lover shows himself a tyrant, but yielded to he becomes a slave.



Masterpieces for the Millions.

British Pictures are Popular
in Germany.

THE Berlin Photographic Company has an interesting record.

"We claim," said Mr. Levi, the British director, to Mr. P. Doubleday recently, "to be one of the links that unite the British and German people. You over here only see one side of our work. We have sold large numbers of copies of great German masterpieces in this country, and you may be inclined to regard this as the largest part of our work."

"But there is another side. We may justly claim to have made British art popular in Germany. It may come as a surprise to many to know that artists like Marcus Stone, B. W. Leader, Maude Goodman, Alma Tadema, and the two Leightons are as well known and popular on the other side of the German Ocean as they are here, and that there is a heavy and increasing demand in Germany for their works."

It was at the Berlin Jubilee Exhibition that the movement in favour of British art began. Great masterpieces from all countries were hung in different rooms. But it was the "English room" that was the most popular, for here such works as Tadema's "Reading from Homer," Watt's "Love and Life," and Herkomer's "Miss Catherine Grant," drew great crowds.

The exhibition was an "eye-opener" to Germany, and since then there has been a heavy demand for copies of great examples of British art, which the Berlin Company has done much to meet.

It was the Berlin Company's photographic copy of George Joy's "Truth" that led the German Govern-

ment to buy that picture for the nation—an international courtesy that sets us a good example.

Mr. Levi contends that photography is the best method of copying a masterpiece. In the old days, when pictures were engraved, it was generally expected that the engraver should put something of his own character into his work.

Needless to say, artists resented this. Turner was constantly at war with his engravers, and complained that they did not adhere to his conceptions. Hermann Kaulback met the plea that great engravers should be allowed scope for their own individuality, by saying: "If they want to be original, let them paint their own pictures."

Our great artists have welcomed the photographic method. The painter who has finished a work of art cannot admit that it can be improved, and feels that the more mechanical the process of copying the better.

The fact is, the camera sees better than the eye, and many tiny details in a picture that we may miss in the rich colouring of the original, or that the engraver must sacrifice for the sake of the central effect, come out clearly in a photograph without robbing the important features of their prominence.

There is always a degree of uncertainty as to how popular a picture will become. It is not always easy to gauge public taste. Mr. Levi tells one incident of how he went to purchase the copyright of a certain well-known artist's latest work.

He had a cheque for a large sum with him, but just

before coming to terms his eye caught sight of a small picture resting on a chair by a new painter.

"Throw me in the right to reproduce that and I will agree to your terms," he said.

The dealer agreed, and the bargain was struck. The firm never saw their money back upon the larger work, but they made it easily upon the copies of the little picture that had been "thrown in."

The little picture was Blair Leighton's "A Question," which became so popular that the original two guinea proofs cannot now be obtained under about five or six times the sum. The firm have reproduced more of this artist's painting than any others.

The reason they give for this is that the public like a picture that tells its story simply and directly. And in painting such pictures Blair Leighton has shown himself a master.

Asked to express an opinion on pirated copies, Mr. Levi thought that there was more harm done to publishers by smuggling than by unauthorised printing copyright drawings. Laws differ in different countries, and many works of art that are protected here are no longer so in America, where they are printed and exported to England.

"Some of our principal hotels," he complained, "are very careless in this matter. Some I could name in particular make quite a bold display of pictures that are either smuggled or pirated copies of copyright works. And probably the proprietors of the hotels are in blissful ignorance of the fact."

Picked Pars.

Wireless Telephone.

The Japanese admiralty announces the invention of a wireless telephone by an engineer named Kimura.

Law Advice Gratis.

There exists at the Broad Plain House, Bristol, a free legal dispensary. Seven solicitors place a portion of their time at the disposal of the poor requiring advice, and last year there were 300 interviews.

Copying an Evil Practice.

The American habit of "chewing gum" has been adopted lately by Parisian women, who may be observed negotiating awkward lumps of the sticky and tough compound at all hours of the day.

Balloon Scouts.

"Balloon scouts" are to form a new corps of officers in the French army. List of applicants are to be drawn up by the generals commanding districts, and forwarded to the War Office next month. The appointments will be made solely among lieutenants of field and siege artillery.

A Home-made Barometer.

A Berlin naturalist uses his morning cup of coffee as a barometer. If the sugar be dissolved undisturbed, air bubbles rise to and remain on the surface. If they form a frothy mass, clear fine weather can be reckoned on. If the froth collects in a ring round the edge of the cup, showers may be expected.

Machine for Plucking Fowls.

Two young men of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, have invented an electric machine for plucking fowls.

Terrific Avalanche.

During a recent avalanche near Mittholz (Switzerland) the rush of air caused by the falling snow was so great that the forests within a mile of the vicinity have been destroyed.

\$1 for a Kiss.

An anti-biasing club has been formed by the young women of Urbana, Ohio. The members are pledged not to allow themselves to be kissed, and a penalty of \$1 is fixed for violation of the rule.

Young Giant seeks Old-Age Pension.

An Australian giant, twenty-five years old, and 7ft. 4in. in height, has applied for a pension to the old-age pension commissioner at Warrnambool, Victoria. He suffers from heart disease, and cannot work. His case will be specially considered.

The Obnoxious House.

To prevent the tenants of a \$300,000 apartment house, the Bonavista, from overlooking her next-door residence, Mrs. John A. Rutherford, of Riverside Drive, New York, is having a wall built a foot thick and fifty feet high, which will shut off all the side windows of the apartment house to the height of four storeys.

Bus Horses and Tarred Roads.

An omnibus proprietor at Hythe, Kent, has written to the town council asking that the practice of tarring dusty roads may be discontinued, because the tar sets up a kind of fever in his horses' fetlocks and legs.

Discoveries near Bath.

During excavations near Bath, two skeletons in stone coffins and fifty-six Roman coins have been discovered. One coin, of the Constantine period, is exceedingly rare, the British Museum not possessing a specimen.

A Japanese Custom.

A cleaner race of beings than the Japanese do not exist. They have at least one bath every day. In the public baths about 300,000 bathe each day, the cost being about 1d. for each person.

Woman Cave-dweller.

A woman has been found living in a cave on the seashore near South Fremantle, Australia. When discovered she declared that she was unable to find employment, and had been living there for five weeks.

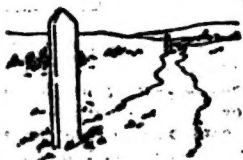
Heavy British Helmets.

According to a German military journal the British soldier wears a helmet which weighs nearly 1½ lbs., the helmet of the Prussian infantryman weighs only a trifle over 1½ ounces, while the Italian is still better off with a kepi, which turns the scale at between 11 and 12 ounces.

Picture Pars.

MARK THE PATH.

On some of the Yorkshire moors white posts are to be seen along the narrow tracks which serve as roads. They are called "stoops," and are something like boundary posts in appearance. A casual observer might imagine that they really did denote a county or parish boundary, but such is not the case. When snow covers the ground and the paths are invisible, these posts point out where they lie, and so save the wayfarer from being lost.



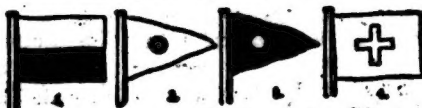
COVERING THE BRANCH STUMPS.

Often in rural districts when trees have to be cut down, the branches are first topped off and the remaining stumps covered with zinc. The tree trunk is then allowed to stand for a year and the metal stops any wet from soaking in and spoiling the wood. By cutting off the branches a year beforehand the tree is enabled to regain its strength, for it has no branches to feed. When the wood-cutter arrives the tree is in splendid condition and commands a price which amply repays for the trouble of placing the zinc over it.



MILITARY CAMP FLAGS.

It would be a difficult matter to discover the headquarters of the various departments in a large military encampment unless distinguishing flags were used to denote their whereabouts. The headquarters of the General Officer Commanding is indicated by a Union Jack, whilst the pictures show: (1) the Telegraph Office, (2) Commissariat Department, (3) Ordnance Store Department, and (4) the Hospital respectively.



FRIGHTENING THE BOYS.

A gruesome warning which the illustration shows is painted on the poles which carry the electric wires from the power stations to the various mines along the Rand in South Africa. It is meant for the public in general and boys in particular, as anyone climbing the poles and interfering with the wires would meet with a serious if not fatal accident. The letters underneath the skull and cross-bones are Dutch words bearing the same meaning as Wire Dangerous. Therefore, the notice is intelligible to people of both nationalities, and they know what to expect if they climb the poles.



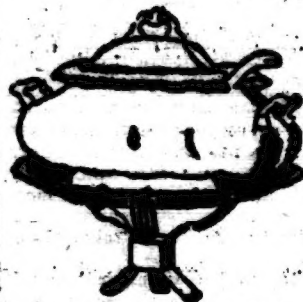
TAKING FISH TO PORT.

When one fishing boat is carrying fish for others of the fleet which have not caught enough to enable them to return to port, she flies a special signal. It is suspended on a line from the mast to the bowsprit, and other fishing vessels whose catch is also meagre, knowing that she is returning to port, get their fish taken back at will. This idea helps the fisherman considerably, for time which otherwise would be employed in taking the catch to port is utilized in augmenting it.



A NOVEL SOUP TUREEN STAND.

This can be quickly constructed in the following manner. A serviette ring, three forks, and a plate are all that is required. Slip the handle of the forks tripod-wise through the serviette ring. Upon the prong ends of the forks place the plate, and the stand is completed. Upon it the tureen can be safely stood, for if the forks have been truly placed it will easily bear a great weight.



The Earliest Thing I Remember.

Interesting Recollections of Famous People.

TOM HAYWARD.

I had a natural aptitude for cricket, and cannot remember the time when I had not either a bat or a ball in my hand. I was easily top of the batting and bowling averages at my school, and in those days and for long afterwards—indeed, until an accident a few years ago obliged me to give up the ball—I was just as keen on bowling as on batting.

WEDON GROSSMITH.

I cannot remember anything of the slightest interest even to myself in the pink sash and sticky-mouth period of my career, and so pass at once to my school days. When I entered Mr. John Simpson's "Academy for Young Gentlemen," at England's Lane, Hampstead, the happiest days of my life began. Yet I cannot think of the dear old school without instinctively holding out my hand. I should say that, on the average, I was caned twice a day during the whole time I was there. In time I grew cane-hardened, and was indiscreet enough to boast of the fact, with the result that "fines" were substituted for whacks.

THE HON. SIR HORACE TOWER, K.C.M.G.

I presume that everyone's, or nearly everyone's, first memories are of an accident or shock of some kind, and my earliest recollection is of seeing the wreck of the yacht *Wanderer* at Port Macquarie. The full story of the *Wanderer* will probably never be known, and the mystery attached to the wreck no doubt helped to deepen the impression it made upon my mind. The *Wanderer* was one of the first yachts ever seen in Australian waters, whether she was brought from England by her owner, Mr. Benjamin Boyd; he was a man of adventurous character, and after spending some time in Australia went off on a cruise among the South Sea Islands. From this

voyage he never returned. But the *Wanderer*, manned by a Kanaka crew, came back to meet a dramatic end. On came the beautiful vessel until she struck, heeled over, and finally drifted on to the rocks of the south beach. The native crew waded ashore through the surf, bringing with them countless beautiful curios collected by Boyd among the islands. From the Kanaka crew little or nothing could be gleaned; either they could not, or would not, tell the truth about Boyd; but I have never forgotten this, my first introduction to a people with whom I was destined to have much to do, in connection with the sugar plantations of Queensland.

ALICE NEILSEN.

I cannot remember when I could not sing. Two things I was born with—a strong throat, and a correct and quick musical ear. At eight years I was playing "Nanki Poo" in a juvenile company in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado*. Because I sang as a child is, perhaps, the reason I cannot bear to hear a child sing in public. My throat and my good health, however, stood me in good stead, for I have been singing steadily since an early age.

CHARLES COLLETTE.

The importance of my introduction, at the age of eight, to my first schoolmaster so belittles my experiences of mine of previous date that I omit them altogether. I distinctly remember that we were regaled with ginger wine, and that we ate seed cake of shiny-green vine-leaf dessert plates. These light refreshments proved so exceedingly palatable that I at once came to the conclusion that, if the rest of the dietary was up to sample, I should rather enjoy being at school. Presently, however, an abrupt question put by my father induced me to reserve my judgment

for a while. "Do you use the birch, Mr. Barton?" was the ominous question asked by my father, and the answer I am still able to recall:

"It has pleased Providence to place brains either in boys' heads or in other parts of their anatomy, and if I fail to find them in one part, I feel it my duty to the parents of my pupils to search for and find them with the birch in another direction," Mr. Barton significantly replied.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

The first thing I remember is seeing the bonfires and other celebrations in honour of the Coronation of Queen Victoria. I also remember, though dimly, being taken to Newport by my father shortly after the Chartist Riots there, and being shown the bullet-marks on the walls of the houses and shops. By far the most vivid recollection of my early days, however, is coming to London by coach, old Abercromby and Cirencester, the day following that on which I became nine years old, and eventually arriving at Paddington, where I got off to go to my godfather's house.

CARL HENTSCHEL.

When I was born Rudolf was in a state of unrest, as at the present time, and my mother used to tell me in later years of the lighting that went on around our home. But I remember nothing of it. One recollection as a child is of riding a white horse, one my mother used to drive, through a leafy glade, for our house was surrounded by woods. Another vision, and I see myself and my sister seated at a little table made for two, while the elders dine at a large table higher up. For some reason or another, probably because there was so much bloodshed going on near us, I have the most vivid memory of the soup, a national dish, which was made of duck's blood and prunes.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Menzies Street, London, W.C.

A QUESTION OF EMERGENCY

By Leslie Moore.



If the fog had not been too thick to see anything, the policeman at the corner by Yew Tree Mansions would have perceived the interesting sight of a young man in evening

dress and a great-coat climbing softly through one of the ground-floor windows of those same mansions.

The sequel, which was more interesting, was also hidden from him.

As soon as the young man found himself inside, he struck a match, and was just about to grope his way across the room when the feeble flicker of the flame was immediately lost in a sudden flood of electric light, and the horrified young man found himself gazing at a golden-haired young lady, who was sitting up in bed, a mass of dainty befrilled cambric, and gazing at him with sleepy eyes.

"Gracious!" she cried, as the full magnitude of his presence suddenly dawned upon her. "Mind the bath!"

The young man started back just in time to avoid stepping into a small lake inclosed in white and green enamel.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated in his turn, "then this isn't my flat?"

"I guess not," responded the damsel, eyeing him severely. "As I pay six dollars a week for it, you bet it's mine."

There was a moment's pause, and they faced each other. "You don't look much like a burglar," went on the girl; "at least, I never saw one in evening dress before. So what are you?"

"My name," responded the embarrassed young man, "is Bertie Hamilton, and I've forgotten the key of the outside door."

"Well, coming into my flat won't help you any. Why didn't you get into your own?"

"I thought it was mine," explained Bertie carefully. "I counted the fourth window from the lamp-post. Besides, I remembered I had left my window unlatched."

"I guess I've left mine unlatched most nights, but now I'll just have to go without fresh air. What number is your flat?"

"Sixty," responded Bertie meekly.

"Did you forget your own door key, too?"

Bertie held up the key in reply.

"Well, then, I'm sixty-one, so we've the same front door, so to speak, and coming in here has helped you, after all. You must be the new man who has just come to live in the flat over opposite mine. You go out of my door, and yours is just in front of you."

Bertie turned to go.

"Latch that window first," ordered the girl, and she tumbled back once more among the pillows.

"Say," she called out as he was just about to leave the room, "you bet an English girl would have screamed some, wouldn't she?"

"You bet she would," responded Bertie fervently, and he vanished from the room.

When he reached his own flat he sat down promptly to think.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, mopping his forehead softly with his handkerchief, "that was a near thing. If that little girl hadn't had nerves of cast iron, she'd have yelled the place down, and before I could have explained matters or established my identity I'd have found myself landed in the police-station. This is a nice beginning to my first introduction to flats."

But, despite everything, Bertie's dreams that night were pleasant.

The following evening he sauntered into the restaurant adjoining the flats about seven o'clock. It was rather full, and he looked round for a seat. The waiter pulled out a chair, and Bertie found himself seated at a table with a young girl opposite to him. Their eyes met. Bertie crimsoned, but the girl laughed.

"I guess you'll stay in your flat for a few nights," she remarked mischievously. "Or have you been counting the windows again to make sure of the number?"

"It was fourth from the other end," explained Bertie contritely. "I can't think how I was so stupid, but the fog muddled me. I owe you some thousand apologies."

"You needn't," she responded calmly. "I've always wanted to know how I should act in an emergency, and now I've found out. I only thought of my new carpet, and yelled, 'Mind the bath!' Curious, wasn't it?"

"Flicky, I call it," said Bertie.

"I guess I shouldn't act the same way again. What do you suppose you'd do in an emergency?"

"Depends on the kind," replied Bertie.

"Mamma says I've no nerves, and am more Bohemian than any girl she ever met. I guess that's why I wasn't frightened or more perturbed at the situation."

"How Bohemian are you?" demanded Bertie.

"Pretty so-so."

"Come to the theatre with me to-night; I've stalls for the Imperial."

The girl looked at him.

"A challenge?" she queried.

"If you will."

"I'll come," she nodded. "My name is Amabel Montrose, by the way. You've already told me yours."

"You bet," remarked Amabel as they were driving home, "that this fog is thicker than last night."

The horse was going at a snail's pace.

"I'm quite happy," said Bertie calmly.

"Well, I guess I'm not miserable," responded Amabel, with a little dimple in her left cheek, which Bertie found almost irresistible.

He looked at it a moment, then spoke:

"I shan't need to get in through the window to-night. Thank goodness, I remembered my keys. So there is no danger of offending Mrs. Grundy."

"And Mrs. Grundy doesn't sit up for us—in flats."

"Oh! she's dead," responded Bertie; "died quite a time ago."

"Which complaint?"

"Heart failure, brought about by a platonic friendship."

Amabel laughed. "I should have thought it might have been lung trouble through driving in hansoms during November fogs."

"Oh! no," replied Bertie serenely. "Mrs. Grundy never drove in a hansom; they were specially invented to keep her out."

"Anyhow, she never travelled to America," remarked Amabel, "and I've never even met her here, nor found the need of her."

"Not even when you get midnight visits from gentlemen burglars?"

"The noun adjective makes her presence unnecessary," responded the girl.

"Thank you," replied Bertie quietly.

At that moment the wheel of the hansom came in contact with the kerb, and they were both flung suddenly forward. Bertie just saved himself and the girl from shooting through the window.

She clung to him, frightened and shaken, and almost unconsciously he found himself kissing her somewhere near her pretty lips.

When they realised matters again, Amabel suddenly exclaimed:

"I guess that was another emergency, and I didn't act the same way at all."

Bertie gazed straight before him.

"I know now how I act in an emergency," he replied thoughtfully, "and I think, with your permission, I'll stick to that way."

And I have it on good authority that he did. At all events, the invitations to the wedding are out.

WILLIAM: "I consulted a fortune-teller last night, and, after I had covered her palm with a sovereign, she predicted that I should marry you."

MARY: "What a waste of money! I could have told you that for nothing three months ago."

"Does your wife take any interest in current politics?" asked the earnest woman.

"Now," replied Mr. Farmon, "she don't. But if it's currant jelly or currant pie, why, I believe she could tell you more things about 'em than you ever dreamt of."

NO PLEASURE TRIPS FOR THEM.

An amusing scene was witnessed one day last summer in a southern town. An old lady, with her coachman, drove up in a large brake and stopped opposite a huge red-brick building.

Her ring was answered by an official in uniform.

"I am come," she began, "to take the inmates for a picnic in the green fields and flowery meadows. It's a beautiful day, and it will do them a world of good, cooped up as they are in this building day after day."

The official gasped for breath. Never in all his long experience had he heard such a cool request. He simply gazed at her in astonishment.

"They can't come, madam," was all he could utter.

"Yes, they can. Let them all come—every one of them."

"We never let them out," he added in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh! yes you do! I met two of the dear old men just now in their long smock frocks."

A whole flood of light suddenly burst upon the astonished attendant. He saw everything clearly now.

"Ah! I see," replied he. "You want the work-house. It's just round the corner. This is the county gaol."

Professor Bottomley, M.A., Ph.D.,

Contributes matter for an Important Article on

Agriculture to this week's "Smith's

Weekly." Read:

EXPERIENCES OF A WAIT-SERVER.

An unenviable occupation.

HOW AUDIENCES ANNOY ACTORS.

Some curious instances.

SAVING ELBOW-GRACE.

Do labour-saving devices increase work?

"POOR BOZZY."

By T. P. O'Connor.

FAMOUS LOVE STORIES.

The romance of the willow-pattern plate.

Smith's Weekly.

(Dated March 31.)

NOW ON SALE.

ONE PENNY.

FORTUNES FROM FLOWERS.

People Who Do Well by the Sale and Cultivation of Choice Blooms.

A few years back the love for flowers was not so universal as it is to-day, and the blossoms grown in and about the Metropolis were more than sufficient to meet the London demand.

Now the cultivation of flowers constitutes one of the most stirring industries.

Most of the flowers sold in London are grown in Britain, though thousands of heads of narcissus are furnished by the storm-swept islands of Scilly, and tons of boxes of violets are sent over from the South of France.

Anyone who visits Covent Garden between eight in the evening and seven in the morning can see scores of vans filled with flowers, in boxes and loose.

Costermongers are to be found here by the hundred on market mornings, and two hundred pounds worth of flowers are often sold to these street traders within a few hours.

The takings of several costers who hawk flowers round the best London neighbourhoods top £20 a week each.

At a big florist's in the West End we were enlightened to the fact that a hundred pounds worth of buttonholes were sold one morning last summer at a shilling each.

This was an exception, forty pounds worth being the usual amount sold daily.

The buttonhole is daily increasing in popularity, as the flower-girls who sit under the fountain at Piccadilly Circus will tell you.

A nobleman in Scotland orders from a London firm several times a year three dozen bouquets at five pounds each. They are inclosed in hermetically-sealed tins before being dispatched on their journey. This ensures them arriving perfectly fresh.

Many clergymen cultivate and sell choice flowers. A vicar in Carmarthen, for instance, draws five hundred pounds a year from a London dealer for lilies of the valley.

A vanload of Maréchal Niel roses arrives in London once a week during the season from an old lady's estate in Berkshire. She is said to make nearly one thousand pounds a year out of them.

ONE FOR BILLY!

A YOUNG fellow, who thought no small amount of himself, walked into the bar of a public house not a hundred miles from Snig Brook, and, receiving a respectful salutation from Billy Simpson (who was sitting there in the hope that something might turn up in the shape of a drink), ordered drinks for two, handing a sovereign in payment, saying that he had nothing less.

The barmaid was obliged to take the coin to her mistress for change, but soon returned, and asked if he would pay the next time he was passing, as they had not change. A minute later, taking advantage of the girl's absence, the young swell nudged Billy's arm, and said:

"Look here, friend, what do you say to getting drinks for nothing?"

"Why, I's game, a-course!"

"Well, then I'll lend you a sovereign, and you order drinks."

The exchange was soon effected, and Billy knocked loudly on the counter.

"Same dose again," he said when the maiden appeared, and, diving deep down into his trousers pocket, fished up the sovereign.

"Tak' change out o' that," he said coolly. After another brief disappearance, the young woman returned and handed over 16s. change.

"That's 6d. for the drinks," she said, "and 3s. 6d. what missus has chalked up again yo'; un she's very glad she's gettin' a chance o' wiping it off."

ONE OF HER SMART TRICKS.

FEATHERLY, who was making an evening call, had been hovering between hope and despair for months, but had not the nerve to put the important question, when Bridget opened the door and said:

"Can I spake wid yew wan minute, plaze, Miss Clara?"

"Certainly, Bridget. What is it?"

"Wud ye plaze tell me wat it'll be for the breakfast?"

"Oh, yes. Pray excuse me, Mr. Featherly. I think, Bridget, we will have fried sweetbreads. Papa is very fond of them."

"How wull I cook 'em, mum?"

"First wash them very carefully, Bridget, and dry with a linen cloth, then lard them with narrow strips of fat pork set closely together; use for this purpose a larding needle; lay the sweetbreads in a clean, hot frying-pan, which has been well buttered, and cook to a fine brown, turning frequently until the pork is crisp. That is all, Bridget."

Exit Bridget, leaving young Featherly in a state of tremendous excitement.

"Miss Hendry," he began, "Miss Clara—Clara—de—dear, dear Clara—will you—oh, will—you be my wi—"

But let us retire from this sacred scene.

Every young man wants to get on. Here's his chance. Let him read "The Secrets of Success." One shilling, from any bookseller.

My Notebook.

Spring Cleaning is Hard Work. Men Should Try It.

THIS is about the time of year when a few men get funny over spring cleaning. You can be very funny over spring cleaning. If you have a good imagination and can tell a story well, you can describe how the charwoman left a slab of yellow soap on the top stair, and forgot about it, and how there will now be no necessity for her to go to Alpine districts, because she has done her tobogganing for the season—on that cake of soap. You can say how she ricocheted down the stairs, turned the corners, and landed in the hall. You can tell how the front door was open, and the tax gatherer was standing there, and how she caught him up, and carried him across the roadway, and how they might be travelling round the world together still only for the brick wall opposite your house.

Of course, other people have told this story before you. But that doesn't matter. It's a good story.

There are other spring cleaning stories. There is that story of your mother-in-law who came over to help your wife dust the family pictures. You remember going home one evening just in time to hear a crash. Your wife's mother had fallen off the ladder, and was sitting in the middle of the floor with a picture frame round her neck. You remember how cross your wife was because you couldn't stop laughing to do rescue work, and how you laughed again when you found your wife's mother's head was through the shirt front of her sainted husband.

Oh, yes, there are quite a lot of funny stories about spring cleaning. But there are some pathetic ones, don't you think? Isn't it too bad that you have to come home and sit on the floor and eat your food off a chair? Isn't it too bad that when you want to go to sleep you have to crawl up on to a shelf to do it? Funny people tell stories like that, also, and they are meant to be pathetic and excite your sympathy. All the sympathy I have for men during the spring cleaning season you could wrap in a postage stamp.

One day's spring cleaning would break the heart and the back of any man. He wouldn't know where to start, he would make hopeless chaos, he would lose his temper, perhaps take to drink; anyhow he would have to engage somebody else to clear up his mess. Any man who is suffering from that tired feeling, or lack of excitement, should spend a day or so at home during the spring cleaning festival. I suggest it as a cheap and easily obtainable Easter holiday. I should like to hear experiences. I shall not be able to give my own because I am rather busy just at present, and when the rush of office work is over I expect I shall be making arrangements to go into the country for a few days!

Jimmy and the Nice Girl.

JIMMY had just become acquainted with a very nice girl, and she has invited him to call and be introduced to her people. Jimmy has never been through this experience before, and he doesn't quite know what to do. He cannot find anything in "Etiquette for Men" and books like that, to help him, so, like a sensible chap, he comes to me. It is some time since I was asked to tackle a love problem, and I propose, therefore, to give Jimmy a wealth of good advice. Other young men would do well to cut this out for reference when their time comes.

Because this is a real love problem. Jimmy may not think it is. He may think he is simply going to tea with this nice girl and her people. If he thinks like that he is going to make the mistake of a lifetime.

Jimmy is on the threshold of all life's troubles and all life's joys. Jimmy is going to get engaged very soon. It is going to happen like this. Jimmy is going to this nice girl's house next Sunday evening, and he is going looking his best and acting his nicest. He is going up the steps very timidly, and wondering if he is watched from behind a lace curtain. He is going to knock very softly, but his nervous fingers will let the knocker fall with the report of a 47 gun.

Jimmy is hot and—the door opens long before he can find his pocket-handkerchief. Quite a lot of things may happen in sixty seconds now, and Jimmy is shown into the parlour. The nice girl receives him. Pa and Ma are there, some sisters, and a small brother.

Poor Jimmy!

Jimmy has now arrived at a critical moment. He is going to have tea. He will eat one little cake or one slice of bread and butter, then lie quickly and say he is satisfied, or full up, or words to that effect. He has two cups of tea. His parched throat wants a drink,

and, besides, he finds that the cup and saucer give him something to do with his hands. How sweet and pretty the nice girl is as she herself waits on him and asks if he likes two pieces of sugar in his tea. Then comes a long pause in the conversation, and Jimmy is feeling as stiff as an old maid at a minister's tea party, and trying not to show it. He is going to discover presently that her father ought never to have been taken into the family. He has already realised that his dignity, self-respect, and every future prospect of seeing the nice girl again is dependent on the humours of a certain cold-eyed, small boy. He wonders whether it would be wicked to kill this one boy some evening, when there are so many others growing up. Jimmy will go on suffering like this at short intervals or all the time, and will wonder why he came, but he will stay on for an hour or two until the family suggest he must come round to dinner some night, a hint, which Jimmy can't see, that he won't get any dinner there that night.

But he will get away finally and sleep badly, and next day write to the girl saying what a good time he had, and he has two tickets for the theatre and will she go. She goes, of course. From then on Jimmy will be writing her name and initials on his office blotting pad and obliterating them again, and will keep on doing things like this until he starts out one day to buy furniture.

Here is the good advice in a nutshell. Agree with the father in politics, with the mother in religion. If you have any opinions of your own on this particular day, don't voice them too pointedly. Ask the father questions. That will keep him off asking you questions. Don't say anything about your business or "slop over" about your prospects. You can keep that in the back-ground for a later occasion, when you will be asked what your intentions are. Don't wear a perpetual grin. Try to look reasonable. Give some attention to the girl's sisters. Remember they may pull you to pieces when you go. Ask the small boy if he has a penknife, and hint darkly that you have one at home you don't want. These observances ought to pull you through.

A Prizefighter's Good Advice.

Send a deep study of them to all young men. Mr. Sullivan does not use a honeyed style of writing. He writes as he works—plainly and to the point. Mr. Sullivan, of course, writes a good deal of claptrap. All reliable advice is claptrap to the man who will not understand.

If Mr. Sullivan came round to this office and hit a sub-editor in the solar plexus, all the small boys who saw the act would immediately begin to practise it. When small boys have been to the pantomime they come home and try to imitate the acrobatic feats they have seen. You can do a good deal with the development of a small boy if you interest him on his own lines instead of yours. If you and myself were to talk to small boys as Mr. Sullivan talks, the small boy would very likely say "Bats" or some word like that. Neither of us is a hero to him. Mr. Sullivan is.

If you know a small boy, I think it would be a good thing to cut out the third column on this page and give it to him. He might like to practise some of the good advice given.

Merely Personal.

If you have ever found any interest in My Notebook, and I know that some of you have, you will excuse my drawing your attention to the advertisement on this column. In "The Secrets of Success" you will, I think, find a good deal to further interest you. You will come across a few old friends—things you have read before. You will find a good deal that is new to you. Because the longest and, I think, the best article in it have appeared in PEARSON'S WEEKLY and other papers. It is a kindly meant little book, and that is, perhaps, its only value. Of course, I should like you to read it, and I hope you will.

PETER KEARY (Mr. Notebook).

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READ IT NOW.

STUDY IT NOW.

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"I WOULD RATHER BE SQUARE THAN A MILLIONAIRE."

By JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

It is a good thing for young people to start out in life with an object in view. The earlier they find the object of their life's work the better. But every boy, and every girl as well, ought to be particular to fit the body in the young years of life for the strain that it will be called upon to bear when they grow older. Without a good physical foundation no man can be a real success, no matter how much money he has. During youth is the time to build for the future. Parents should know what is good for their children, but I don't believe very many of them do, judging from the poor, sickly children we see these days. And most of these puny, hot-house flowers appear to be the children of people who are rated as successes in life. Did you ever stop to ask the question: "What kind of successes will those children be in life?"

When you start out in life, young man, have some motto before you—the simpler the better—but have one. When I was a boy I didn't have as many opportunities as the majority of boys have nowadays, but I had a motto. It was this: "Be square." That's a homely old motto, but it has been the best guiding post in my life. You won't have any trouble looking any one in the face if you live up to that motto; but maybe there will come times in your life when you will find it hard to "Be square."

I'd rather be square than a millionaire.

Naturally, I am more familiar with boxing than most anything else, for it was boxing that brought me before the public and helped me to earn the money that I haven't got now. But I always found it paid to be square in the ring, and in all matters pertaining to the ring. There are boxers who have more money than I have, no doubt, and maybe they are considered to be greater successes in life than I am, but I'd rather be what I am and be able to look the whole world in the face and say: "I've been square," than to have been guilty of stooping to what some of them did to get their fortunes.

No; I wouldn't advise a young man to take up boxing as a profession now. The day has passed when anyone but a champion can hope to make anything out of it. And the same amount of energy and care and training that it takes to produce a champion boxer could be used in some other calling and bring a hundredfold better results.

The young men of to-day waste themselves. Why, if these young fellows would take as good care of themselves as the animals they would be stronger and better men. We can learn a good many valuable hints from the beasts, which they say have no souls. Maybe they haven't, but some of them have better sense than human beings in the matter of taking care of themselves.

Be true to yourself, and be true to your friends; but don't make too many friends. You better have half a dozen friends who will stick to you through adversity than a hundred friends who will stay by you only during your prosperity. I know. I have had both kinds.

Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four a boy is his own worst enemy. He thinks he knows; he thinks he is wise; but he isn't. And that is a dangerous period for our girls, too. Be careful between eighteen and twenty-four, and if you "get by" there you can feel that you are good for something on beyond.

HIS ESTIMATION.

Around a dozen officers of a regiment, having some time on their hands, took a short walk, and happened to come upon a number of small boys playing soldiers. Somewhat amused, they watched for a time, until the leader of the amateur warriors shouted out to an unusually stupid recruit:

"Here, Fred, come out here! You'll have to be an officer, for you can do nothing."

The officers vanished.

He: "Why did you go on encouraging me? Why didn't you tell me you were already engaged?"

She: "I wanted to test my love for Jack."

"A MOSCOU-CAN almost knocked a man down in Main Street to-day. The crowd stood breathless for a while, but the next minute everybody cheered."

"Because of the chauffeur's skill?"

"No, the skill of the other man. He punched the chauffeur clean out of the car."

"I HAVEN'T the slightest objection to your giving all your time to the dog, my own," said Mr. Justwed, "but I wish you had made it quite clear, when you suggested bringing it, whether it was you and I who were going on our honeymoon, and were bringing the dog, or whether it was you and the dog who were bringing me."

HOW I GOT ON.

Life Stories by the
Labour M.P.'s.

HOW A RAILWAY MAN SUCCEEDED.

Mr. Walter Hudson, who represents Newcastle-on-Tyne, tells how he advanced from workhouse to House of Commons.

My father was a railway man, and I was born at Richmond Station, Yorks, in 1852.

The first thing I remember is being carried about by my sister, whom I might describe as my foster-mother, for I had the misfortune to lose both my parents whilst I was still a child, my mother dying at the sadly early age of thirty.

The youngest of three children, I soon became unpleasantly familiar with the seamy side of life. After I was left an orphan, I was at first taken care of by my father's relatives. But times were bad, money and means were necessary—they had their own children to look after—and I was sent to the workhouse, whence I was eventually rescued by relatives and friends on my mother's side.

Richmond National Schools gave me my elementary education, but I started work at the age of nine, and, to all intents and purposes, I have educated myself, grabbing all the learning I could at Sunday schools, evening classes, and debating societies.

My first start in life was in the agricultural line, to which I stuck for a few years. The railway, however, was in my blood, and as if by instinct I found my way into the North-Eastern Railway Company's service as one of a gang employed on making new lines. Within a month I was appointed under-guard of a ballast train, a post I held for about a year, when I left owing to a dispute amongst the men, and for the next eighteen months or so I was a hammer-driver at the Darlington Iron Works.

But the railway called irresistibly to me, and I returned to it as goods shunter, passing through the grades of pilot guard and under-guard on a goods train, and finally becoming a main-line guard before I was twenty-one.

Chiefly as mineral guard, I worked all classes of trains (as it was the custom to do in the "link" I was employed in) for a quarter of a century—that is, up to October, 1898—when I left the service, and during the big Midland miners' strike of 1893 I was head train foreman at Darlington, one of the largest shunting stations in England.

Here let me say that, during my long railway service, I was fortunate enough to escape serious injury, a crushed thumb being the only mishap of any importance, and yet as a shunter I was three times under moving trains.

And of from twenty to thirty young fellows who entered the Company's service the same time as I did and at about the same age, I could count on the fingers of one hand those who remained in the same grade of service when I left, the others having been cut down by fatal or permanent injuries.

Now to hark back to the beginning of my public career. From the first I had a liking for a steady and sober life, a desire to improve myself and others, and, as a teacher in Wesleyan Sunday schools and a strong temperance advocate, I became favourably known to the men.

Almost from the foundation of the Railway Servants' Society in 1872 I was closely associated with its organisation, and knew much of its chequered career in the early days.

1872, '73, '74 were the years of great trade prosperity. Following this period of inflated trade, there was a number of years of trade depression, and railway servants suffered much under the system of long hours and low wages.

I took an active part in fighting the men's cause, with the result that, in 1878, they elected me their delegate, and I continued to be their spokesman until '85, when I was appointed secretary of the Darlington branch of the A.S.R.S., a position I held until I finally left the service.

In 1880 I became an executive committee man for the A.S.R.S., and, one year later, on the death of the then President of the Society, Mr. Peter Stewart MacIver, I was elected Chairman and President pro tem., and, in October of the same year ('91), I became the first bond fide working-man President of the Society.

I was re-elected seven years in succession, when, at the strong request of the representatives at the Congress of '98, I resigned to take up the difficult post of secretary for Ireland, a position I held until a week ago.

In 1897 I relinquished my position as representative of the Trades Congress Parliamentary Committee for a similar post with the Irish Trades Congress, and the same year I served on the Royal Commission on Accidents to Railway Men which led to the Accidents Act of 1900. Finally, in 1902, I was President of the National Trades Congress held at Newry, so you will see that my public life has been pretty strenuous.

As to why I have got on, I can only ascribe it to having been steady and sober, and to an innate desire to help myself and my fellow-men.

Walter Hudson

STARTED WORK AT A SHILLING A WEEK.

Mr. Will Thorne, who represents West Ham (South), tells of his early struggles.

It is not surprising that, ever since I began to think for myself, I have been a strong advocate of feeding and educating the children, and a determined opponent of child labour. For I was often hungry as a child, I never had a day's schooling, and I was working nine hours a day when I was seven years of age.

I was at work even before that; but, to take things in their proper order, I was born at Birmingham in 1857, my parents being brickfield workers.

Only six years old, I earned a weekly shilling by helping in a barber's shop from 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Saturdays, and from 7 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Sundays.

I stuck to this for a year, and then went to a rope-walk, turning the wheel for a rope-spinner, from whom I received 2s. 6d. a week for nine hours' work a day. Half-a-crown was not much, but it was more than useful, for my father died about this time, and my mother was left with four children, of whom I alone could earn anything at all.

After about nine months at the rope-walk, I went to a brickfield "carrying off" bricks, and stayed there for two years, my wages being 7s. a week.

From the brickfield I went to a metal-rolling mill at 8s. a week, and stayed there until work became slack on account of the termination of the Franco-German War, for both parties in which my firm had been supplying ammunition.

My next job was screwing and tapping nuts and bolts at Brown and Marshall's wagon works, Birmingham, and then I returned to metal-rolling, my work being chiefly brushing and rolling telegraph wire metal, and my wages 18s. a week.

After working there some time I went to the Burton and Derby railway, filling waggons for "Rafter" Fairbanks, the well-known contractor, but eventually returned to the gas works, where I remained for many years.

I left as an indirect consequence of the introduction of the machinery for drawing and charging retorts known as the "Iron Man." I worked these machines for nearly a year, and then the chief engineer wanted to force more work upon me; I refused, and, my fellow-workmen backing me up, we went out on strike.

With half-a-crown in my pocket, I then walked from Birmingham to London, and, after five days' tramping, found myself in South London, where I got work with the South Metropolitan Gas Company, with whom I remained until 1882, when I returned to Birmingham and resumed work on the same "Iron Man" machines I had left before.

But there came another strike, and once more I footed it up to London and entered the service of the Gas Light and Coke Company at Beekton Gas Works, North Woolwich.

There I did my first work as an agitator, my demand being an annual week's holiday. The men themselves, however, refused to back me up, and so I had to admit defeat; but, three months later, I returned to the charge, and this time with success.

Then, being very dissatisfied—to put it mildly—with the way we were treated by the chief engineer and some of the foremen, I agitated for a union, and, on March 31st, 1889, was founded the National Union of Gas Workers and General Labourers, of which I am now general secretary, being first elected in June, 1889, by a majority of 2,000.

Six years before this, I should have mentioned, I joined the Canning Town Radical Club, but it was not long before I came to the conclusion that neither the principles of the Liberals nor of the Radicals went to the root-core of our economic and industrial evils, and in '84 I joined the Social Democratic Federation, of which I have been an active member ever since.

Finally, to sum up my official career, I have been a member of the West Ham Town Council for sixteen years, was deputy-mayor in '98-'99, have been elected to attend four International Congresses, was the representative of the interests of the organised workers of this country at the American Federation Labour Congress, held at Kansas City in 1898, and, in 1900, was defeated for the constituency I now represent by close on 2,000 votes.

As to why I have got on, Tom Mann, H. M. Hyndman, and the late Charles Bradlaugh were the men who first made me think, and undoubtedly their teaching had much to do with my getting to the front.

So far as any personal quality is concerned, I should say that my persistence, my refusal ever to admit a defeat as final, won me the respect and confidence of my fellow-workers.

And then I have never forgotten the hunger and misery of my childhood, and when I came to manhood I vowed that I would do all that in me lay to make it impossible for children to suffer as I suffered.

And I think, if you devote yourself to working for others, especially for the weak and helpless, you are bound to get on.

Will Thorne

Nuts to Crack.

By THE SQUIRREL.

CONSULT THE ORACLE.

We are able to give to our readers an absolutely true prediction of the issue of this year's Boat Race. It is veiled in these mystic lines, each of which is to be broken up, and recast as an anagram:—

Go lad, be bold, fix a trim crew.
See the dread Oracle deal!

We withhold the solution until next week, so that those who like to puzzle out the anagram lines may have time to do so.

A NOVEL PUZZLE.

CAN you fill in the missing words, so as to complete this charade? This bird is a clue.

My first may — —

candle — —

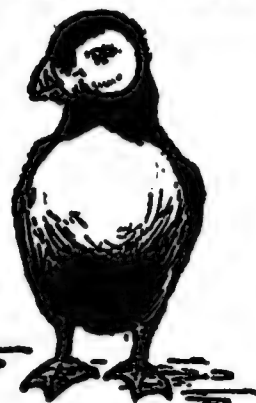
My second then — —

— —; My whole in — — moves

— — an ear or — —.

AN AFTER-DINNER PROBLEM.

OUT a slice of even thickness from a large apple, shape it into a horseshoe, and stick into it at equal distances six pipe, three on each side, to represent the nails. The problem you have then to face is to divide this horseshoe by only two cuts into six parts, with one pip in each part.



SOME MORE FIGURE FREAKS.

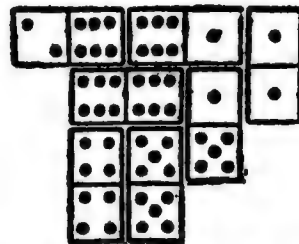
$1 \times 8 + 1 = 9$
 $12 \times 8 + 2 = 98$
 $123 \times 8 + 3 = 987$
 $1234 \times 8 + 4 = 9876$
 $12345 \times 8 + 5 = 98765$
 $123456 \times 8 + 6 = 987654$
 $1234567 \times 8 + 7 = 9876543$
 $12345678 \times 8 + 8 = 98765432$
 $123456789 \times 8 + 9 = 987654321$

RIPE ORANGES.

My grocer and my greengrocer both sell oranges, and I find that they cost me just a penny more for a dozen at the grocer's than at the other shop, where I get two more for a shilling. What are the respective prices for a dozen?

DOMINO DUPLICITY.

ARRANGE a single set of dominos so that the ends marked with the same number of pips come together in groups of four. In the completed pattern there must be two square groups of four sides, two of four fives,



and so on with threes, twos, ones, and blanks, using up all the stones.

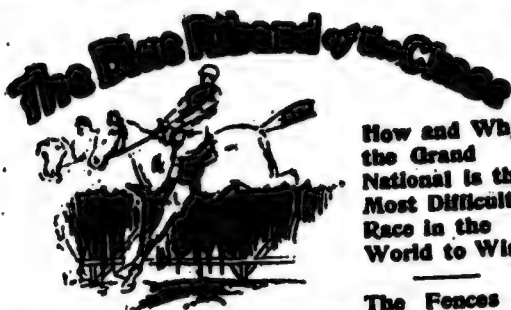
We give here one corner, which can be taken as a start, and next week we will give a full solution of this interesting puzzle.

A READY RECKONER.

TWO men, standing on the bank of a broad stream, across which they could not cast their fishing line, could not agree as to its width. A bat on the point was offered and accepted, and the question was presently decided for them by an ingenious friend who came along, without any particular appliances for measurement. How did he arrive at his decision, with which both fishermen were satisfied?



We do not ask for solutions. These will be found on the last page of this paper.



How and Why
the Grand
National is the
Most Difficult
Race in the
World to Win.

The Fences of
Aintree, where the Race is Run, are Dangerous.

And the Course is the Severest in the World.

HUNDREDS of sportsmen have devoted the best years of their lives in the endeavour to either own, train, or ride the winner of the Grand National; but the Blue Riband of the Chase, like the Channel swim, is always a difficult feat, and thus many sportsmen, whose chances of success have looked most promising before the race, have found their strenuous efforts of no avail at the finish.

"The fact of the matter is," said a well-known trainer, who, for many years, has saddled a candidate for National honours, "that really to capture the biggest steeplechase of the year, you want to have more luck than judgment."

For instance, the fences at Aintree, where the race is run, are so formidable, that even the best jumper in the world is liable to meet with an accident, maybe, as is very often the case, brought about through no fault of his own.

"Well do I remember much-fancied horses, who have been backed to win thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands of pounds, being knocked over almost at the first jump by some horse, whose chances of success was never dreamed of at the start, and who, indeed, was only started on that 'off-chance' which so frequently 'comes off' in steeplechasing.

THE TRAINERS' DIFFICULTIES.

"Again, the race is run over the severest course in the world, just over four miles long, and from start to finish neither horse nor jockey is able to take 'an easy.' And so, unless both the rider and his mount are as hard as nails, one or the other will surely come a bad cropper before the winning post is safely passed."

Formidable, however, though a horse's task is who would safely negotiate the Grand National jumps, "which look like mountains before, and are mountains when you do reach them"—to use the words of the late "Roddy" Owen, most enthusiastic of Grand National enthusiasts—the task of the horse's trainer is not more enviable.

Indeed, only those whose duty it has been to somehow or other deliver a horse fresh, fit, and well at the starting post for the Grand National can adequately realise a trainer's difficulties.

Thus, first of all, it is his duty to imbue his equine charge with the necessary stamina to negotiate thirty of the stiffest jumps in the world. With this object in view, therefore, day by day, a horse's exercise is varied.

One morning a good, steady canter is taken; the next, a gallop over fences, for a distance varying from two to three miles, forms the "day's orders"; while the third, a four miles' run is indulged in, the steeplechase being led by several other horses, each of which "jumps in" during the gallop to insure a good pace.

So far, so good; but, maybe, on the fourth day, the trainer finds that his carefully nursed charge has pulled up "leg weary," or is suffering from one or another of those many ills to which steeplechasers are heir.

FEEDING YEARLINGS.

And so another form of training has to be thought out; altogether, in fact, the task of training a horse for the Grand National, and keeping him in good heart without letting him become stale, is one which calls for the exercise of the greatest tact, skill, and patience.

Perhaps the most ingenious method of training horses to jump naturally from their yearling days was some years ago invented by a famous Irish trainer, who has since had the honour of leading back to scale three winners of the Blue Riband of the Chase.

This trainer, brought up from childhood in a "horsey" atmosphere, early realised that a special training was absolutely essential to the horse before it could ever hope to win a Grand National, and thus when, as a mere lad, it was his duty to feed the yearlings each evening, he devised this ingenious method of combining a little useful knowledge with the "bed-time feed."

Night after night, therefore, he stationed himself, sieve in hand, behind a barrier at the end of the field where the horses were turned out, and, shaking the corn in the sieve, awaited the next move, which, after a few days, he noted almost invariably came from the horses themselves.

Indeed, so anxiously did the hungry steeds look forward to their meal that in a very short time they would, on hearing the corn rattling in the sieve, gallop at full speed across the field, jump the barrier, and bury their noses in the corn.

And in this way did three Grand National winners receive their first lesson in jumping, while Why Not, the first of the trio to earn the highest honours that the steeplechase world has to offer, proved himself one of the safest jumpers that has ever trodden the National course.

Probably, however, more races have been won and lost at Aintree through good or bad jockeyship than from any great ability on a horse's part.

"No man," remarked a famous steeplechase jockey, "has any chance of lasting out to the finish of the Grand National unless he is a really fine horseman, and last, but by no means least, is as 'clean inside as a whistle,' to use the jargon of the athletic world. Indeed, for a jockey with the big Aintree race in view to train in a sort of half-hearted, go-as-you-please manner is merely to meet trouble half way."

Perhaps the most convincing proof that the Grand National is the most difficult race in the world to win is afforded by the fact that only on three occasions has the race been won by a horse the first time on which it has been entered. Moreover, in the majority of cases, a horse running at Aintree for the first time rarely succeeds in jumping the course.

RIDING WINGED HORSES.

A good story is told of a certain chaser whose owner, a Yorkshire squire, for five consecutive years entered and ran his horse in the Grand National; on the first two occasions, the horse stood up for over three miles before coming a cropper. On the third year, however, the wily animal, evidently mindful of previous tumbles and severe hidings, came down at the first fence and lay on the ground, stubbornly refusing to get up until the rest of the field had cleared the next jump. In his two subsequent efforts in the Blue Riband of the Chase, the cunning animal repeated his lying-down feat.

Still, in spite of the many difficulties which confront both horse and rider at Aintree, no race in the year creates more enthusiasm in the sporting world. Still, in recent years, the pitfalls which beset the path of jockeys in the race have seemingly been remembered by amateur steeplechasing enthusiasts, for, to-day, not nearly so many gentlemen jockeys are seen in the saddle in the biggest steeplechase of the year as formerly.

"Riding winged horses," Fred Archer, the most famous horseman of all times, once said anent the Grand National, "is all right for those who like it, but," added the great jockey thoughtfully, "I prefer not."

And apparently, to-day, many other horsemen regard the biggest steeplechase in the world with equal respect.

NOT MA'S.

They stood beneath the stars, and, silent as the diamond-studded shirt-front of the sky.

"Is that Ma's?" he whispered, as he slipped his arm about her taper waist.

"No, it is not," she exclaimed, jerking away. "It's mine. And if you think you are hugging mother, I can tell you you are mistaken."

He slowly climbed the pinnacle of fame.

The world below sent up a mighty cheer.

Above the din we heard his voice exclaim:

"Let me come down. It's mighty lonesome here."

"You see, my son, every time that you are naughty, papa gets a grey hair."

"Oh! but you must have been naughty. Look at grandpa!"

"I came near eloping once," said the sweet young thing.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; we had quite made up our minds."

"Who?"

"Papa and I—but I couldn't find a man who would elope with me!"

WANTED, 500 BANDS

To Play "The
King's Guard."

This splendid march costs
Sixpence at all Music-
sellers', Newsagents', and
Railway Bookstalls; or,
post free, for seven
stamps, from G. Arthur
Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta
Street, London, W.C.
Complete orchestral parts
cost 1s. 4d. or post free
for 1s. 6d.



DRAMATIC FINDINGS OF LOST CHILDREN.

Instances Recalled by the Mysterious Case of
Susan Kerr.

NINE years ago a little child about four years of age named Susan Kerr disappeared from her parents' home at Ballynahinch, in Ireland. A diligent search was utterly in vain. In course of time her father died and her mother removed to Belfast, where she married again.

The other day a girl of about fourteen, a servant of a farmer, went into Ballynahinch to make purchases for her employer, and, when walking through the town, seemed to recognise certain places.

Eventually her efforts to induce the occupiers of certain houses to take her in were successful, and, in telling the story of her parentage, she called to recollection the mysterious disappearance of Susan Kerr.

Mrs. Kerr, upon being communicated with, proceeded to Ballynahinch, and had no difficulty in recognising her long-lost daughter, whom she took home with her. Beyond her recollection of living with the farmer in the neighbourhood of Ballynahinch, little Susan Kerr has no knowledge at all of the years that followed her disappearance.

ON A WAREHOUSE DOORSTEP.

The story of Francis Joseph Bolton, a little Woolwich boy, is still more romantic. He was stolen by gipsies when five years old, and was not restored to his parents till ten years later. His restoration, moreover, was brought about in a most dramatic manner.

The police found him asleep on a London warehouse doorstep. When taken to Bow Street Police-court the boy stated that he had run away from a caravan belonging to gipsies, who ill-treated him, and with whom, so far as he could remember, he had lived all his life. At any rate, he knew nothing whatever of his parents.

A woman living in Shepherd's Bush, seeing a report of the boy's appearance in the police-court, drew the attention of her lodger, who had often spoken of having lost a brother some ten years before, to the newspaper paragraph.

The result was that the boy was identified by a small birthmark on his face and a scar on the top of his head, the result of a fall before he left home. And eventually young Bolton, after living nearly eleven years with the gipsies, tramping to all parts of England, making mats and brushes and working in the hop fields, was restored to his parents.

FIVE THOUSAND SEARCHERS.

Not so long ago a melodrama in real life was to be witnessed in the streets of Temesvar, Hungary. The annual market was being held, and a woman from a neighbouring village was making purchases, when a dirty, half-crippled little girl begged money from her.

With a cry of joy, the woman clasped the ragged gipsy child to her breast, to the amazement of the bystanders. It was her own child, that had been stolen three years before by gipsies. The gipsy woman accompanying the child was arrested and imprisoned.

When little Willie Llewellyn, a child five years old, was lost on the Welsh mountains three or four years back, gigantic efforts were made to recover him. Five thousand miners employed in the Aberdare pits gave up a day's pay and devoted the time in searching for him in detachments twenty strong. London detectives were employed, every gipsy caravan within fifty miles of the spot was searched, clairvoyants and soothsayers came forward with clues, but all attempts proved hopeless.

After the child had been missing for fifteen days a huntsman, accompanied by a pack of hounds, found the boy's dead body on the summit of Carnymossan, the highest point of Glamorganshire. Whether the child had wandered to the desolate spot of his own accord or was carried there by some evil-minded person is still a mystery in Aberdare.

A PROCESSION OF HONOUR.

Extraordinary scenes of excitement marked the home-coming, a twelvemonth back, of a little East-end child. Only four years of age, the pretty, dark-eyed girl was sent to purchase a loaf, and from that moment disappeared for nearly three months. It is now known that a woman seized the child, tramped with her to Birmingham, and eventually abandoned her at a Sheffield house, where she had been lodging.

The Sheffield police being informed, they learnt from the baby that she had lived at Cable Street, St. George's-in-the-East, and hadn't seen "mummy for a long time." Almost frantic with grief, the mother journeyed to Sheffield, to return immediately with the little one.

St. George's-in-the-East determined to do honour to the occasion. Crowds of workmen, bands of boys with tin whistles, and saucy lads, and hundreds of women lined the streets to cheer the child, her mother, and the police officer who accompanied them.

But for a special detachment of police the pretty baby would probably have been kissed to death by the crowd of women who sought to hug her and press pennies into her hand.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

FOR LIFE AND LOVE.

A Story of Smart Society and a Brave Woman.

By R. NORMAN SILVER.

Author of "A Daughter of Mystery," "The Golden Dwarf," "A Double Mask," "Held Apart," etc., etc.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

Constance Baronesse Istria, a wealthy and unscrupulous young widow, who has discovered two of her cousins working as dress-makers in the East-end and has brought them to her house in Park Lane.

Lady Julia Lavenden, one of the cousins. In her days of poverty she has married David Garth, now an escaped convict.

Winnie Lavenden, her sister. She has accidentally shot James Garth, brother of David Garth, and is in constant fear of arrest.

Edward Agnew, a young barrister M.P., who has been pushed into fame by the Baroness. He is in love with Winnie, and anxious to avoid the Baroness, whose intentions have become too apparent.

Quilliam and Quail, known as "the two Q's"—detectives of Scotland Yard, and hot on Winnie's trail for the murder of James Garth.

Merivale, the Baroness' brother, who is promised £100,000 if he can marry Winnie, and so put a dangerous rival out of the running.

Peter Crimble, a good-hearted receiver of stolen goods, who is taking care of David Garth's and Lady Julia's child. He also made a hiding-place for Winnie when she feared arrest.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT.

Guilty or Not Guilty.

"No news yet?" Edward Agnew shook his head mutely. Entering a small, bare room that opened from a corridor of the court, he had come face to face with Julia Lavenden. She had risen slowly from a comfortable wooden chair, to stand a moment with outstretched arm before asking her melancholy question. Gentle hands drew her back again into her seat—they were those of a woman in a nurse's uniform. Her attendant was Sister May.

The room was dingy and forlorn, with high, grim windows. A single gleam of afternoon sunlight stole through one of the upper panes to make a patch of yellow radiance on the soiled wall. It fell in passing upon a head almost as golden as itself—Constance Istria was looking languidly in a distant corner of the apartment. She had glanced up when Agnew entered, but did not move from her place.

Julia Lavenden spoke again, moistening painfully her parched lips.

"They are a long time—it's an hour since—" Agnew shook his head again. He was deathly pale, and his cheeks were drawn like those of a dying man.

"No," he said; "only half that. But we must be glad of it—it means disagreement. The—summing up was—was not in our favour."

Julia wrung her hands convulsively. "It was cruel, cruel," she moaned. "Why—why will they not see my darling as she is? She—she could not—do and think as they say. But the jury will be different; they are human beings, not—lawyers and police."

Edward Agnew did not answer her desperate outburst. He had left the door open, and his ear was strained to catch the least sound from the corridor without.

"Try and be patient," he said; "delay is all to the good. Many juries disagree altogether, and have to be discharged. In a case like the present, that is practically a victory for the defence. Be brave and hopeful; she would wish it."

His voice failed him, and he turned away. Constance Istria rose and reached his side as he gained the threshold of the room. She laid her finger-tips upon his arm, and he passed, encountering her gaze with stern, self-possession. Even in the gloomy little room and in her dark garments she was haughtily, radiantly beautiful.

"My poor friend," she whispered, "will you not tell me the truth? I am no weakling. Is there really any hope?"

Agnew moved his arm so that the gloved fingers dropped from it.

"There is always hope," he said, "for those who are innocent."

Constance Istria's long lashes dropped an instant over her violet pupils, and she bent her head in a kind of cold tolerance.

"As you will," she answered. "I am sorry for you, in any case. You cannot say I did not warn you."

There was a bitter note in the words, and Edward Agnew's face set in a hard disdaint.

"There are some women," he said in a low, fierce tone, "where it is happiness to love, even in the shadow of death and shame, others who prove a curse in the midst of good fortune. I would not change the one for the other."

He swerved on his heel and went out of the room.

There were many people in the corridor—barristers and solicitors with their clerks, police officials, and detectives. They looked at him with sympathetic curiosity. But he strode through them as if he did not see them and made his way to a door guarded by a constable. The latter stood aside respectfully, and Agnew passed on.

He had entered the court on the left of the jury-box. It was empty, nor was the judge upon the bench. Yet a sprinkling of patient spectators occupied the well of the court, and a murmurous hum came from the gallery. It was the public discussing Winifred Lavenden's tragical romance.

In a corner by the deserted jury-box sat two men—one in clerical garb, the other in a long, shabby, many-buttoned overcoat. They were Peter Crimble and Charles Ingram. At sight of Agnew the curate left his companion and came to meet the barrister. The friends exchanged a silent hand-clasp, firm and lingering. Yet each shunned the other's glance.

"This delay is, on the whole, a good sign, is it not?" murmured the curate. Agnew bent his head in assent.

"On the whole, yes," he said; "but it—it is very cruel for—her."

He could scarcely form the concluding word.

"Not so cruel as the summing up," answered Charles Ingram. "How heartless, how soulless the law can be! I am sure the public are on her side, and surely the jury will incline to the same side as public opinion."

"That is my chief hope," said Agnew huskily.

He stopped abruptly. There was a sudden thrill in the air and the sound of an opened door. The court filled in as if by magic as the straggling line of sombre-dressed Englishmen began clumsily to regain their places in the jury-box.

Agnew tottered where he stood; then, controlling himself with a supreme effort, he moved to his seat. Those whom he passed noticed that his eyes were glassy and his jaw set.

The doors of the court were closed. The judge—a bowed, scarlet-robed figure—glided on to the bench, and the crier called tremulously for silence. Then the associate rose at his desk below the bench and put, almost inaudibly, the fatal question. Winifred Lavenden heard it as she stole forward to the front of the dock, leaning upon the wardresses as a woman leans upon women in the hour of extremity. Yet she did not look at the men who held her fate in their hands; in all the crowded court she beheld only Edward Agnew's face. And Peter Crimble, peering out of the little throng that had sprung up about him, beheld only hers.

"How say you, gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The foreman of the jury answered with difficulty, and a shudder went through the listeners. They guessed, and dreaded to guess, what that hoarsely-murmured assent might mean.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

The reply hung a moment on the speaker's lips. It came at length, a groan rather than a sentence:

"Guilty, with the strongest possible recommendation to mercy."

A sudden hush froze the crowded court, and in that hush the withered hand of the old, scarlet-robed man on the bench took up something soft and black. Peter Crimble saw it and cried out.

"Not that," he shouted, "not that; oh! my God, not that!"

His outcry was silenced; a couple of policemen had caught him and drawn him, not ungently, from the court. The door swung to, blotting out the scene within, and Peter Crimble saw and heard no more.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE.

Light in Darkness.

For a few moments Peter Crimble stood in the corridor staring at the door which had closed upon him. Then he made a motion as if to demand re-admittance. But a stalwart constable was on guard at the entrance, and he turned away, moving slowly and sullenly.

As he went along the gloomy lobby a footstep passed him. He looked round, and perceived Charles Ingram. Without seeming to notice the cab-driver, the curate paused an instant on the threshold of a doorway hard by, and then with an indescribable gesture entered abruptly. A shriek arose, sustained and shuddering—the bitter cry of an anguished woman. Peter Crimble heard it, and, putting his hands over his ears, hurried out of the corridor into the open air.

Outside the Old Bailey a crowd had awaited the verdict. As the cab-driver forced a path through the throng he caught many a pitying phrase and kindly utterance. The verdict had become known, and a wave of compassion was sweeping over the public mind. But the justice of the verdict was not questioned.

"She did it, right enough, poor thing," said one man to another at Crimble's elbow. "They did their best for her, but everyone knew all along she killed him."

Peter Crimble sneered. "Fools!" he said under his breath, and with fierce, powerful motions of his broad shoulders he cleft a lane through the mob and went up the Old Bailey, muttering to himself.

It seemed but a minute since the foreman of the jury had pronounced that dreadful word "Guilty," and yet already the newspaper sellers were running with bills on which the words "Lavenden Murder. Verdict" met the eye in shouting capitals. The cab-driver ground his teeth at the sight of them and turned into a side street.

Walking heavily and without haste in his awkward buttoned overcoat, he took a road that led northwards, and came at length into the old-fashioned thoroughfare on the slope of Islington Hill. Reaching his own house, he passed in by the door from the stable yard.

As he turned the handle and set his foot on the flagged entry a little figure started forward out of the kitchen beyond. It was Tilda Crimble, an awful inquiry in her young face. She saw his own and screamed.

"Oh! dad," she cried, "no, no, don't say they've found it against her; don't, don't, don't!"

Peter Crimble caught his daughter as she reeled. "Keep a good heart," he said hoarsely. "The jury said 'with the strongest possible recommendation to mercy.' Her—her life's as safe as—as yours or mine."

Tilda clung to him, sobbing.

"Oh! dad," she moaned, "it's penal—penal for life, and her so young and pretty. And Mr. Agnew—she'll break her heart for him, and him for her."

The cab-driver drew a sharp breath. But he attempted no further consolation, and, releasing himself from his daughter's hold, went into the kitchen and crossed to a cupboard. From it he took a tall, long-necked bottle and a glass, poured out a draught of brandy, and drank it neat. He put the cork back slowly into the bottle and replaced it in the cupboard. Tilda was weeping violently; he turned upon her irritably.

"What's the use of snivelling?" he said. "If you want to snivel, go and do it with some women folk or other. I can't stand it."

He fumbled for his pipe, filled and lit it, and turned to the kitchen door.

"I must see to the horses," he told her. "You'd better go and pay a visit somewhere. You'd cry yourself into a fit alone, and I shan't be in again till late."

Tilda choked down her sobs, but he had already gone out into the yard and entered the stables. The tearful girl looked round her. In the half-shadows of the dying afternoon the kitchen, with its low ceiling, flagged floor, and fireless grate, gave her—overwrought by grief and hurt by her father's anger—a shiver of misery. She ran upstairs for her hat and jacket, came down with them on, and went into the yard.

At the stable door she called to the cab-driver to tell him her destination. He answered her roughly, and she stole away, wiping her eyes with the back of her tell-hardened little hand.

Ten minutes after she had gone, Peter Crimble emerged from the stables, and, glancing this way and that with a curious strained alertness, darted to the door of the house. Tilda had left the key under the threshold; he stooped for it, unlocked the door, and stepped in, leaving the key in the lock.

In the kitchen he got out the brandy bottle once more and drank another draught of the spirit, half a glassful at a gulp. Then he got matches and a candle and went upstairs.

Gaining the curate's room, he opened the corner cupboard, withdrew the bolts of the secret entrance, and passed into the hidden loft.

From an obscure niche under the slates of the roof he extracted a cash-box rolled in rags and unlocked it. It was full of gold and notes. He relocked it, tied the small key to the lid, and, carrying it out into the curate's room, wrapped it in a sheet of paper. This done, he sat down, took a pen, and scrawled a word or two on the wrapper. The inscription read: "Mr. Ingram—for Tilda." Peter Crimble re-read it and added two more words—"with love." Something like a groan burst from his lips as he rose and left the parcel lying there.

From the curate's room he went to his own sleeping apartment, groped among the contents of a bureau drawer, and then descended to the kitchen, bearing the candle. In one hand he held a revolver, big and powerful, with a nickel butt, that glinted in the candle flame.

Passing through the kitchen, he blew out the candle and set it down, then retraced his steps through the yard and re-entered the stables. An empty stall faced him; he paused in it, and raised the weapon to his temple.

Suddenly a strong hand seized his wrist, and his arm was twisted till the muzzle of the revolver pointed towards the roof. Peter Crimble turned his head and saw—David Garth. The next moment the weapon had passed into the possession of the escaped convict, and the two men, each

breathing heavily, confronted one another. Peter Crimble was the first to speak.

"You, David Garth!" he said. "What brings you here? But for you I should have been out of my misery by now."

David Garth thrust the weapon into his pocket and put his hands on the cab-driver's shoulders.

"No, no, old friend," he said; "that wouldn't help her. You mustn't take it like that. Bad as things are, they might be worse. The judge passed sentence, but only formally, and he added that he would convey the jury's recommendation to the proper quarter and lend it whatever support might attach to his own representations. She is safe—from that awful death. I—I came, hoping to see and tell you so."

His eyes filled like a woman's, and ran over. "I—I heard you in court, old friend," he said, "and every man and woman there thanked you. And now"—he paused, trying to speak lightly—"let us have no more nonsense about pistols."

Peter Crimble flung him off. "Have done with your cackle," he snarled. "Give me that revolver, do you hear, or I will make you kill me to save yourself."

David Garth stepped back; the cab-driver had caught up a bar of iron that stood in a corner of the stable. He swung it above his head; there was a terrible gleam in his eyes, and he staggered as he moved. The raw brandy he had taken was as gunpowder to which his anger had set the match.

"Come on," he hissed, "kill me, kill me as I killed your brother."

He stopped. David Garth was staring at him. Peter Crimble laughed wildly.

"Oh! yes," he said; "I did for him—she didn't. I followed him home that night, and we had a row, and I shot him—shot him with the pistol he had taken from her and left where I could grab it. Come on; you're his brother, pay the debt; it's all I want. I've wished myself dead a thousand times since."

David Garth put a hand into his pocket, drew out the revolver, and levelled it.

"You killed my brother," he repeated slowly, "and you would have let them hang her for it—her, a woman, a girl. And you think that your suicide would have paid for that. I tell you 'No.' She must be vindicated; she shall be vindicated."

The cab-driver set his teeth and brandished the bar.

"So you would let them hang me?" he said. "Not if I know it. That's why I didn't confess. I knew they wouldn't hang her; she's too young and pretty, and too innocent. But they'd have swung me, and I knew it. Shoot, my lad, shoot; that's what I want."

David Garth stepped back. He was too late. The cab-driver had darted in. The bar fell; it was of jagged iron an inch square, and it beat the convict to the earth like a crushed stalk. The revolver in his hand exploded, and Peter Crimble tottered. He was struck in the chest.

Headless of his wound, and with a strident cry of delight, the cab-driver pounced upon the weapon. But he was thrust back before he could seize it. The stable door had been hurled wide, and two men, leaping in, had intervened. They were Inspector Quilliam and Detective Quail.

CHAPTER FORTY.

The Close of the Day.

"GOOD-EVENING, sir. Would you—would you be good enough to tell Mr. Agnew that the Superintendent is here and would like to see him at once?"

Inspector Quilliam stood on the threshold of Edward Agnew's chambers in the Temple. Near him was Mr. Quail, and the two men were regarding with a certain impatience the grave, pale face of the Reverend Charles Ingram.

The curate hesitated. "Mr. Agnew," he said, "is asleep. I—I would rather not wake him, unless it is something of the most urgent importance."

There was a sudden step on the landing, and a third figure stepped to the threshold out of the shadows that hung about the old-fashioned stairway. Precise, authoritative, and of a military carriage, the new-comer halted, face to face with Charles Ingram.

"It is of the most vital importance," he declared, "and in Mr. Agnew's own interest I beg you to let me see him without an instant's delay."

Charles Ingram set the door wide, and the three visitors entered. The curate shut the door and led them down a short passage into the barrister's own room.

On the low, flat couch lay Edward Agnew, his head upon his arm, breathing heavily. The curate sighed. "I made him take a sleeping draught," he said. "It was absolutely necessary. He had not slept for forty-eight hours. I must wake him gently."

He stooped down by the side of the couch and touched its occupant.

"Ned," he called softly, "Ned, old fellow."

A groan burst from Agnew's lips, but his eyes did not open.

"Not yet," he said, "not yet; it is not time yet—the reprieve must come; it must, I tell you."

Charles Ingram grasped his friend's hand. "Ned," he exclaimed, "Ned, it is I, Ingram."

The sleeper thrust him off.

"The reprieve," he cried, "the reprieve. I tell you it will come."

"It has come," said a clear, ringing voice. The Superintendent, striding to the couch, had spoken suddenly.

His words penetrated the drugged consciousness of the slumbering man, and Edward Agnew started up, his eyes dilated, his limbs trembling. Dazed and unversed, he looked about him—at the curate, at the stalwart, well-groomed form of the high police official, at the detectives in their civilian dress.

"What—what is the matter?" he asked falteringly.

"I—I have been asleep, I suppose."

He rose unsteadily from his couch, still heavy with the effects of the draught he had taken. Charles Ingram supported him. The Superintendent aided him to sit down.

"Mr. Agnew," he said, "I have good news for you—news as good as it is strange. My officers here arrested this afternoon a man who, unaware of their presence, declared that he, and not Miss Lavenden, murdered James Garth."

Edward Agnew stared at them, amazed, uncomprehending. The Superintendent consulted his watch.

"Suffice it to say, Mr. Agnew," he added, "that circumstances lent a tragic verification to the statement—the man lies dying in a London hospital. The hand that dealt him his death stroke was that of David Garth, on whose track my men were at the time. David Garth himself is dead, and if you would see the other before he, too, is dead, you must be quick. There is no time to explain further."

The barrister made an effort and rose, a wild uncertainty battling in his face with an ecstasy of delirious hope.

"I—I am at your service," he stammered.

"Good," said the Superintendent. "We have a couple of cabs downstairs. But you will want a hat, won't you?"

Agnew glanced about mechanically. Charles Ingram brought him the required head-covering, and at a sign from the Superintendent donned his own hat. Then the five men, led by Inspector Quilliam, went down to the Strand and the waiting cabs. It was eleven o'clock, and a clear starlit night. The people were coming out of the theatres—a leisurely, chattering throng.

The Superintendent put the curate and the barrister into a waiting hansom and gave a direction to the driver. The cab whirled away; it was followed by another and another. Mr. Quilliam, finding himself an oddment, had hailed a vehicle, and brought up the rear of that which contained the Inspector and the Superintendent.

The three cabs drove northwards. The cool night air on Agnew's cheeks and brow swept away the drowsiness of the drug. But he did not speak much to his companions. Each was lost in an effort to grasp the amazing news so hastily broken to them. Neither could be blind to the astounding problems raised by the Superintendent's brief sentences. Yet it was plain that the police official was convinced of Winifred Lavenden's innocence. But who was the murderer, and why had he killed James Garth? Above all, what had David Garth to do with his brother's slayer? And why had he, too, met with death at the same hands?

While they revolved these apparently insoluble riddles their cab stopped, and, those in its rear pulling up also, the Superintendent came to the step of the leading vehicle.

"We get down here, Mr. Agnew," he said. The barrister leapt out, and Charles Ingram followed his example. They were at the entrance to the Royal Free Hospital.

The Superintendent bade the Inspector detain the cabs, and himself strode to the entrance, bidding the barrister and the curate accompany him. At a word the porter allowed them to pass, and the Superintendent piloted his companions into the interior of the hospital.

A sense of intolerable suspense came over Edward Agnew as he walked up the ward into which they finally penetrated. At last he was to see James Garth's murderer, the person for whose crime Winifred Lavenden had so narrowly escaped paying.

At one of the neat white beds near the top of the ward the Superintendent halted, motioning Agnew and Charles Ingram to approach. They did so, and started back incredulously. An exclamation forced itself to the curate's lips. The man before them was Peter Crimble.

(Another instalment next week.)

TEACHER: "Mary, make a sentence with 'dogma' as subject."

Mary (after careful thought): "The dogma has three puppies."

"My husband has a great advantage over most men."

"Indeed!"

"He walks in his sleep."

"Well?"

"He can carry the baby all night long and still get his natural rest."

An Irishman, who had been in a fight with a neighbour, had one of his ears almost chewed off. He consulted a lawyer concerning the bringing of a prosecution, and, after a somewhat lengthy account of the difficulty, ended his story as follows:

"I wouldn't mind so much for myself, lawyer; but I'd hate like poison to raise a family wid one ear."

The Daily Express

is on sale at all Railway Book-stalls and Newsagents' throughout the Country.

It is now London's great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper, and should be read by everyone.

Buy a copy, and see if what we say is true.

THE TRAVELLER SAID THINGS.

A good story is told of a Yorkshire commercial traveller, who lived in a remote village sixteen miles from railway station or telegraph office.

He received a telegram one day, and paid the 4s. for portage. The message proved to be from the hotel he last stayed at, and it ran:

"You have left pair of boots; shall we send?" Both in sorrow and in anger the traveller indited the reply, "For goodness' sake, keep boots," and the boy rode away.

Some hours later another mounted messenger appeared with another telegram.

The traveller had the greatest misgivings, but dared not refuse what might be an urgent summons from his firm. Reluctantly he parted with another 4s., tore open the message, and read:

"Very sorry; had already sent boots."

Miss DE MUIR: "Were you ever hypnotised, Mr. Hector?"

Hector (sadly): "That is my only excuse for being married."

HE: "The closer a man gets to Nature the happier he is."

SHE: "That's not what you said when you slipped on the orange-peel yesterday."

"CHEAP AT THE PRICE."

A MAN who had not been to church for a very long time finally decided to go.

He started early. Arrived at the church, there were very few people in it, and no ushers on hand, so the man went well up the aisle and took possession of a nice pew.

Just as the services were about to begin a pompous-looking old gentleman came in, walked up to the door of that pew, and stood there, exhibiting evident surprise that it was occupied. The occupant moved over and offered him room to sit down, but he declined to be seated. Finally he produced a card and wrote upon it with a pencil:

"I pay for this pew." He gave the card to the stranger occupant, who, had he been like many people, would have at once got up and left. But the stranger adjusted his glasses, and, with a smile, read the card. Then he calmly wrote beneath it:

"How much do you pay?" To this inquiry the pompous gentleman, still standing, wrote abruptly:

"21 a quarter, sir!" The stranger smiled as though he were pleased, looked round to compare the pew with others, admired its nice cushions and furnishings, and wrote back:

"I don't blame you. It is well worth it." The pompous gentleman collapsed into his seat, and when the service was over invited his visitor home to dinner!

BABY (in omnibus): "Dadda!"
Fond Mother: "That ain't yer dadda, dear; that's a gentleman!"

SUN (earnestly): "It must be awfully dangerous to be a soldier."

Young Officer: "It is, indeed. The women are always after you."

A BIRD THAT SPEAKS ALL LANGUAGES.

THERE is a bird of Guiana which deserves to be widely known; this is the "tion-tion" (pronounced *tes-yawn tes-yawn*) on account of its cry. This bird is valued by the natives for its brilliant plumage, especially the tail feathers, which they wear in their head-dress, and make clothing of; but the most interesting characteristic of this strange bird is its imitative faculty.

A naturalist became acquainted with the bird's powers in a curious manner. He was awakened from his sleep one night by hearing cries of distress in French. Someone was being murdered not far away, so much was absolutely certain. There were cries for mercy and help, uttered in excellent French, shrieks of agony and groans. Jumping to his feet he awoke his Indian guides, saying that they must all go to the assistance of the victim. At that very moment the same voice uttered a shout of ironical laughter, followed by "tion-tion," and the guides turned over with a grunt of vexation. The learned naturalist had a great deal to learn, they remarked sarcastically.

The tion-tion is the worst of chatterboxes; it can, and does, imitate every sound it hears with the utmost fidelity. It can speak all languages, giving the proper accent and intonation. This is a strong statement, but it is correct. It will shout for assistance in the best English or German, and you will really believe that some fellow-countryman is in dire distress, until the bird interrupts its own pleadings with a derisive laugh. Then you feel like one who has been the victim of a lot of April jokes. If the bird could be caught and so far domesticated as to be happy in confinement, the parrot would go out of fashion as a home pet.

If you think you're a life's failure, read "The Secrets of Success" (our new shilling handbook), and see if you don't buck up and get on.



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Always get the Standard with this mark—the Standard—the mark of the "Sears" program!



Containing:
9d. PLASMON,
7d. PLASMON Cocoa,
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PLASMON Tea,
PLASMON Chocolate,
PLASMON Custard,
PLASMON Biscuits,
PLASMON Blanc-mange
PLASMON Arrowroot,
and
1/- Cookery Book.

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CURIOUS OLD REMEDIES.**Powdered Spiders and Live Toads!**

WHAT would one think nowadays of a doctor who prescribed the blood from a black cat's tail for skin troubles, live toads tied behind the ear to stop bleeding, or powdered spiders as an unfailing remedy for various diseases?

Some of the so-called remedies of our ancestors were certainly curious and crude. They had even less reason in them than the modern ointments and salves, which often fail in their mission on account of the rancid animal fats and coarse minerals present in them.

Fortunately, twentieth century science has revealed how to take full advantage of the unexampled medicinal powers stored up in Nature's own green herbs. In the popular skin-cure, Zam-buk, we find the valuable juices of rare medicinal herbs employed in a really wonderful manner. These saps and juices have undergone new processes of refinement, and in Zam-buk they are combined in a unique and effective way. This has the effect of widening still further the gap between Zam-buk and ordinary ointments, salves, and liniments. An unhealthy skin is practically an impossibility with regular dressings of this original healing balm.

April is a very critical month for the skin. It fights against big odds all through the winter, and the odds are bigger just now both because of the trying weather and because the first crop of Spring pimples and nasty eruptions may be expected—unless the skin is protected and corrected by Zam-buk.

A little thought will show you why even the strongest man or woman needs Zam-buk. During the cold spell the vitality of the skin has been lowered—first, by the weight and friction of heavy clothing; second, by lack of fresh air; third, by the numbed, "sleepy" condition of the glands which should give the skin its natural oil baths; and fourth, by under-feeding—the blood has not been circulating freely enough near the surface. Zam-buk gives proper moisture and a workable flexibility to the tissues, and induces the blood to circulate better. Thus the outer skin gets properly fed, normal activity and strength are restored, and the whole tissue is made sound and strong, and blotches, pimples, or sores, usually so common in Spring, are either quickly cured or entirely avoided.

For dispelling skin diseases, such as eczema, ulcers, bad legs, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, and pimples, Zam-buk is most valuable. It soothes pain of neuralgia and rheumatism, soon allays irritation in a sore, dispels disease, reduces swelling and inflammation, and finally restores the skin to perfect health. The benefits from using Zam-buk are more than "skin-deep," because

the fine balsams sink deep into the tissues, and sweep away disease before them. Least of all should sufferers from eczema expect to derive any real benefit from the fatty emulsions and so-called "blood-purifiers." Zam-buk has the unique virtue of regenerating the whole of the tissues. "Rub it in" to kill pain, kill disease, and make the skin soft, healthy, and clear. A box of Zam-buk (one-and-three-half-pence or two-and-nine, at the chemist's) should always be kept in the house.

A NURSE AS WITNESS.**Strange Experience with a Patient.**

SOME remarkable evidence has been given by a professional nurse, throwing an interesting sidelight on the resourcefulness of the members of this noble calling.

For thirty years Sister Hannah, of 2 Bell View, Marsh Green, Edenbridge, Kent, has obtained a wide experience of nursing, training at St. Thomas', London, and latterly devoting herself to the care of private cases.

Recently she took charge of the case of an aged patient, and what threatened to prove a serious complication appeared one day in the shape of an obstinate sore. It was about the size of a sixpence, and is supposed to have been caused by a simple scratch from the rough edge of an enamelled utensil.

The sequel is so remarkable that it had better be given in Sister Hannah's own words:—

"The scratch most likely had poisoned the tissue. The sore varied in appearance and size from day to day, however, and I feared it might turn to eczema. This lasted three or four weeks, but in as many days your Zam-buk cured it completely. What I did was to wash the parts with soap and water twice a day, then rub in Zam-buk in a circular direction. I am pretty sure had I not used your balm I should have had a nasty ulcerating sore, very difficult to get rid of. My patient is nearly 78, and there is not much vitality to build up broken tissue, &c. I may add that after constant work in the profession for over thirty years, and holding responsible posts in hospitals, &c., training at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, I have had a fair amount of experience, and I think Zam-buk is an ideal balm. I shall always keep some close at hand in my nursing work."

DANGER OF THE "PENNY SHAVES."

THE medical officer of the London Corporation says: "Disease is spread to a large extent through the

'penny shaves'!" The great amount of truth contained in this statement, and the marvellous power of Zam-buk over all skin diseases, is clearly shown by the experiences of a young electrician, named Mr. F. Osmond Brown, of 16 Belmont Park Road, Leyton, who contracted barber's itch in a very severe form. He gave the story of his cure to an "Ilford Guardian" reporter as follows:—

"I first noticed a slight but painful eruption which discharged watery matter. I tried to shave myself, but this had the effect of spreading the disease over the whole surface of skin touched by the razor. My neck and face became practically covered with ugly sores, which seemed to run into one another and quite destroy the skin, leaving large patches perfectly raw. Even if carried by the fingers the matter which exuded from these patches would cause a new sore to break out on the skin it touched. My appearance was pitiable indeed, and I had to go out muffled up like a leper.

"The sores were very painful and irritating, too, and I naturally got alarmed at the torture and disfigurement got worse and worse. I spent many sleepless nights in intense suffering. I got very depressed, and people advised me to get expert advice about it. I tried all sorts of ordinary 'remedies,' but failed to find either relief or cure. I had quite decided to go to a hospital for skin diseases when a friend persuaded me to get Zam-buk. After five days of the treatment with Zam-buk all the pain and irritation had quite gone, the inflammation had subsided, and there was a marked improvement in the condition of the sores. I persevered with the dressings, and before I had finished the second box the disease was completely eradicated.

"I fully realise the statement that Zam-buk grows new healthy skin. When I began using the balm the skin of my face and neck was absolutely gone, and Zam-buk had to produce new skin." Take advantage of the proprietors' offer, and test it free of charge.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

THE greatest failures in life have been due to neglected opportunities. We all have our chances, and it is those who follow the motto, "What is worth doing is worth doing now," that make the most successful men and women. The proprietors of Zam-buk place before you to-day the opportunity of obtaining a dainty sample box of the world's great skin cure free of charge. The simple condition to be followed is to send your name and address with penny stamp (for return postage) and mention *Pearson's Weekly*, April 5th, 1906, to Zam-buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds. This is a chance that should not be missed.

MONKEY BRAND

Will do a Day's Work in an Hour.



Makes Home Bright and Cheerful.

NO RUST.**NO DIRT.****NO TARNISH.****Won't Wash Clothes.**

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ROSEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Bananas and Oranges

Peeled and sliced and thoroughly pounded together, adding plenty of powdered sugar, make a delicious purée to eat with blancmange, cream, or custard.

To Use Up Cold Potatoes.

Chop them finely, place a layer in a pudding dish, season with salt, a little mace, and bits of butter, sift some flour over, then put more potatoes and seasonings. When the dish is full, pour milk over, set it in the oven and bake a nice brown. Allow half an hour for the baking of this dish.

Excellent Fried Bacon and Cabbage

Is made thus. Cut the bacon into rashers, boil the cabbage, and drain it. Fry the bacon, and when cooked put it on a very hot dish. Put some chopped cabbage into the frying-pan, add plenty of pepper, and fry in the bacon fat, and then put round the bacon. Put about a tablespoonful of vinegar into the pan and give it a boil up, then pour over the bacon.

Savoury Rice

Is a most simple and savoury dish, and is made by boiling two tablespoonfuls of rice for a quarter of an hour, draining, and then putting it in a saucepan with sufficient stock to cover. Let all simmer till the rice is done, seasoning to taste. Beat up an egg and stir it into the rice till set, but do not boil. Press into small cups, turn out on a warm dish, and serve with toast.

On Rolls.

A little time spent on roll-making for breakfast and dinner always gains great appreciation in the household. This is easily done if a good recipe be at hand and the oven heats rapidly. Sometimes the rolls will bear re-heating and be as good as when freshly-made. Many of the prepared pastry flours now sold have very good recipes for cakes and rolls printed on the bags.

Beetroot Salad.

Soak for a night in cold water a teaspoonful of beetroot beans, and in the morning place them in a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover. Cook slowly till the beans are done, drain, and set on a soup plate. Dust over with chopped parsley, add thin slices of beetroot, and over all pour a salad dressing, made according to taste. This is a good salad to use when green salads are scarce.

In Frying Fish

It will be found a great improvement to have two pans of boiling fat. When the fish is plunged into pan No. 1 the temperature of the fat is, of course, greatly reduced; so if the fish be quickly removed to the second pan, the work of frying will be speedily completed. If the fat is boiling fast, and the result, so far as crispness and colour are concerned, will be far superior to the ordinary method.

Cornish Cutlets.

Take sometimes of cold meat, either beef or mutton, trim them into neat shapes. Dip each cutlet into ketchup, sprinkle with cayenne and salt. Boil some nice flour-potatoes dry, and mash them, mix with a little chopped lemon peel or gherkin, pepper and salt. Bind with a well-beaten egg. Cover each slice of meat with the mashed potato, smoothing it into shape with a knife. Fry like cutlets to a golden colour.

Cowslip Wine.

To make nine gallons of wine, boil nine gallons of water with twenty-five pounds of loaf preserving sugar, and set it to work for thirty-six hours. Then put into a tub the juice and peel of nine Seville oranges and nine gallons of cowslip flowers. Over these pour the sugar and water, and leave them to stand for a week, stirring daily. Afterwards strain, add a quart of brandy, put the wine into the cask, leave it for two months, and then bottle. (Reply to V. R. HEAVEN.)

Ginger Biscuits.

Put one and a half ounces of butter into a pound of flour, add two or three ounces, according to the sweetness of the biscuit required, of powdered sugar, and one ounce of powdered ginger. When nicely mixed, pour on to the ingredients sufficient new milk to make a stiff paste. Roll out and stamp into rounds, prick each biscuit, lay on a tin lightly dusted with flour, and bake in a slow oven until quite crisp, but do not allow them to colour. Place on a sieve till cold, then store in a tin.

A PRETTY SPRING BLOUSE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that our paper pattern includes a lining for bodice and sleeve, No. 16251 might very well be made up as a shirt-b blouse, the foundation being dispensed with. While either a fancy flannel, flannelette, linen, or one of the many pretty cotton fabrics would look extremely well—and of these you would need three and a quarter yards, thirty inches wide—a very serviceable blouse might be made in cashmere or other woollen material.

Like the front, the back is tucked on either side of the centre, the position of these tucks being plainly indicated on the pattern by perforated lines.

The centre box-pleat is cut separately and should be interlined, in order to form a firm foundation for the buttonholes. Two dozen and a half of small fancy buttons will be necessary for this blouse, and the mention of them brings to mind the fact that those on the sleeve are merely ornamental. Cut in one piece, with the upper part on the straight; the lower portion of the sleeve is bound to come on the cross, and you will find that, in order to make the closing neat, hooks and eyelets will need to be employed. Of course, the opening need not extend to the elbow; it should reach its limit midway between the two sets of buttons.

By cutting the pieces for killing from the selvages, after the rest of your pattern has been placed in position, you will minimise the work. See to it, too, that you fold your material across the centre before you begin.



No. 16251. Paper pattern, 64d., from the Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Haverhill Street, London, W.C.

THE MAN WITH A MIND.

THE masterful lover who rushes his courtship, as other things, appeals more or less strongly to a great number of women, and if he understands how to play the part of the bold suitor he generally succeeds.

Even when his lady-love is at first inclined to resent his assumption of authority over her, and his unhesitating decisions on her behalf, when she learns that, withal, her comfort is his first consideration, she comes to enjoy the final surrender of her will to his, and admires the strength upon which she can trustingly lean.

But that strength must be tempered with courtesy, and the hand of steel must be well covered with a glove of softest velvet. Tender and thoughtful, such a man rarely fails to wrap his wife "around with his riches, and cover her up with his care," and she finds herself blessed among women. It is the ancient marriage by capture modified to suit modern etiquette, and the woman, as of old, submits cheerfully to a beloved and loving lord and master.

RED BRIDAL GOWNS.

THE choice of white for wedding gowns is really of comparatively modern origin. The Roman brides wore yellow, and in most Eastern countries pink is the bridal colour. During the Middle Ages and in the Renaissance period brides wore crimson to the exclusion of all other colours. Most of the Plantagenet and Tudor queens were married in that vivid hue which is still popular in parts of Brittany, where the bride is usually dressed in crimson brocade.

It was Mary Stuart who first changed the colour of the bridal garments. At her marriage with Francis II. of France, in 1558, which took place not before the altar, but before the great doors of Notre Dame, she was gowned in white brocade, with a train of pale blue Persian velvet six yards in length.

This innovation caused a great stir in the fashionable world of that time. It was not, however, until quite the end of the seventeenth century that pure white—the colour worn by royal widows—became popular for bridal garments.

WASHING HAIR WITH CLAY.

THERE are few peoples, however low they may be in the scale of civilisation, who do not do something to the hair and face. The ancient Greeks and Hebrews cut it all off and wore light wigs. Hair was so highly prized in ancient times that pulling it out was significant of the greatest grief. The customs amongst civilised nations have been curious.

A couple of centuries ago there was a French king who hid his deformed shoulder by means of a large wig. In consequence wigs became fashionable. They were often made of silk, and fell half-way down the back.

Short hair for men and long for women is the general rule, but in many tribes of Indians the opposite rule prevails. There is a strange fashion amongst the tribes of Arizona and New Mexico. The men wear a kind of turban bigger than the head itself made of clay. This is their method of cleansing the hair from insects. The Indian mixes up clay like mortar and plasters his head all over. In a few days the clay dries and he washes out his hair, which then is as glossy as if dressed by a barber.

The Chinese, as we know, shave off all the hair, except a tuft which is allowed to grow into a long tail, and is neatly braided. Loss of the queue or pigtail is dreaded almost as much as death. Consequently, Chinese barbers have always plenty of work. They use clay instead of soap.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

A Few Bay Leaves

Added to stock greatly improve the flavour of it.

To Polish Kitchen Knives Thoroughly. Mix a little carbonate of soda with the brickdust, and rub them thoroughly.

Table Linen

That has been stained with ink should be at once soaked in milk and then the stains will come out with washing.

To Clean Black Cloth.

Mix one part of liquid ammonia with three parts of boiling water. Apply with a sponge and rinse off with boiling water.

To Keep Your Fowls Healthy.

They should have all the vegetables left from the house, either boiled or raw. Give them also any scraps of meat and bones to pick.

A Good Cake Wrinkle.

Instead of baking powder use shortbread for Madeira, seed, or a plain cake. This imparts a nice flavour and yields a very light mixture.

If Boiled Water

Is used for drinking purposes, care should be taken that the water boils for ten or fifteen minutes before it is poured out. I am informed by a doctor that this time is necessary to kill the germs. (Reply to INDIAN RESIDENT.)

A Walnut Stain

Is made thus. Take two parts of permanganate of potash and thirty parts of water. Mix well. Paint this on to the floor two or three times until the right shade is produced. Afterwards polish well. (Reply to MIRIAM.)

Cleaning a Coat and Skirt

At home is not very successful. I should strongly advise your sending it to one of the good chemical cleaners, who for about four shillings to five shillings will return it to you beautifully cleaned. (Reply to TAYLOR-MADE.)

Biscuits

Are a wholesome form of food, if not too rich. All plain biscuits may be considered more nourishing than bread. At any rate they are for stout people, who should always select rusks and cracknels in preference to toast.

To Clean Shells.

If these are of a fine and delicate form they can only be safely and thoroughly cleaned by boiling them in a saucepanful of water, with white soap and soda, till all dirt is removed, then placing them in a basin and pouring clean lukewarm water over them. Dry the shells on a tray set at a short distance from the fire. White coral can be beautifully cleaned in the same way. (Reply to L. I. G.)

To Cleanse Your Hands After Rough Work.

I should take a little vaseline and rub it thoroughly all over the hands, till the dirt has come out of the creases. Then dip the hands into warm soft water and rub again. Afterwards wash in soap in the usual way. I believe in engineers' shops a bucket of paraffin is kept for the purpose of cleansing the workers' hands previous to washing. (Reply to SPIER, ARMAN.)

What is Natural Sleep?

Sleep is essentially an entire or partial unconsciousness of the brain. It used to be said that the cause of sleep was a loaned quantity of blood in the brain; but this we know to be an error. When we are troubled with sleeplessness, it becomes requisite to discover the primary cause, and then to adopt suitable means for its removal. Readers who spend many a sleepless night should make a point of reading Mr. Edwin Wootton's article, entitled "Helps to Right Living," in this week's issue of that invaluable little paper for ladies, *HOMES*. It gives much useful information as to the causes of sleeplessness and its remedy. Other invaluable hints are also to be found therein: Health and Toilet notes, telling how one may detect when soap is bad; a remedy for nose bleeding; how to act when one gets grit or other matter in the eye; and the best foods for growing children. With next week's issue of *HOMES* comes a paper pattern of a little tunic for a boy of four to six years of age will be given gratis. Price one penny. Published on Friday.

Edna



On Thursday last I received the following interesting note from Mr. E. M. Gollancz, of 12 Clifton Gardens, London, W. He writes: "I was walking along the street to-day when a gentleman came up and offered me five shillings for the copy of *Pearson's Weekly* I was carrying. I don't know what he wanted it for, but I thought it might interest you."

It certainly does interest us. I have heard of cases where a copy of *P.W.* has fetched threepence or sixpence in South Africa, and even a shilling in the wilds of Australia. I also remember a case where a copy of *P.W.*, put up to auction during the South African War, fetched a sovereign, but I must confess that it is very strange that any man in London should pay five shillings for a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, when he could go into the nearest newsagent's and get it for a penny. Madness takes many forms, and as this man may possibly be doing the same thing again, I should be glad to hear from any reader who meets him giving some description of him.

COLONEL RETIRED sends me the following cure for insomnia. He had suffered greatly from sleeplessness and tried every remedy that he could get hold of, but all without relief, till he came upon this one: "Half a tumbler of milk as hot as I could sip it, with half a teaspoonful of dry ginger (freshly grated ginger is best) mixed with it, and taken after getting into bed, made me sleep for about seven hours." Thanks, COLONEL. I hope this remedy may be useful to others of my readers who are troubled in the same way. Do you know that the one thing *Pearson's Weekly* fails to do is to induce sleep? You cannot get drowsy over our pages.

F. H. writes: "I really must tell you this. Some time ago now, in Page 16, I read a letter on 'Try, try again.' The advice given to some correspondent was 'Keep on trying.' At that time things were black with me. I was endeavouring to establish a little business against unfavourable odds—sickness, want of capital, keen competition: but, sir, I took those three words to heart, and I kept on trying. It seemed as if I could not get them out of the way. They were always before me. And the result—to-day I have succeeded far above any expectation I had, just through those words, 'Keep on trying,' which I still follow. I assure you this is a fact. And so you may now understand why we prize *P.W.* and the pencil-cases in my little home."

Mrs. J. H. calls attention to the fact that one of the greatest worries of house-keeping is the constant series of interruption to household duties caused by the tradesmen's bell. Grocer, baker, oilman, and countless other visitors call for orders, and every call means a journey to the door, and a loss of time and temper. She suggests that a slate should be hung up outside the tradesmen's door, with all orders written upon it, so that each caller might copy down the part affecting himself without unnecessary interruption.

Such a board would read:

APRIL 2, 1906.

Mr. Waker (Butcher). No orders.
" Blobbs (Fishmonger). Chicken, turbot, and three penny-worth pickled shrimps.
" Winch (Greengrocer). Twopenny cauliflower, 1lb. onions.
" Penrose (Baker). Barmaline loaf, sixpenny cherry cake.
" Orchardson (Oilman). One gallon paraffin.
" Pethybridge (Grocer). No orders.

Good idea, Mrs. J. H. Householders please copy, adding to the list "Mrs. Shellard (news-agent), *Pearson's Weekly*, SMITH'S WEEKLY, and ROYAL MAGAZINE."

RESULT OF THE "M.P." COMPETITION.

THE twenty-five best answers have been sent in by the following competitors, to each of whom a gold-plated pencil-case has been sent:

F. O. Carr, 3 Bellaburn Place, Kilmarnock; F. A. Morris, The Square, Killarney; G. Lawson, 64 Abbottsford Place, Glasgow; Mrs. J. D. Paterson, Catton Grove Villas, Old Catton, Norwich; F. J. Widesman, 9 Great Russell Street, W.C.; J. Sharp, 25 Rise End, Greenock; F. J. Green, King Street, Gunnislake, Tavistock; A. Marchant, Daintree, Hound, Southampton; Miss Giltinan, Inniscarrig, Western Road, Cork; John Morton, Lenagard, Banbridge, Ireland; E. Twycross, 89 Howe Street, Derby; E. Clapton, 142 Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, W.; Jas. Crooke, Beagh, Derrygonnelly, Inniskillen; Sergt.-Inst. G. Miller, 4a Castle Street, Hinckley; Miss L. MacLellan, 22 Cluney Terrace, Londonderry; Jas. Barham, 26 The Cottages, Bruce Grove, Tottenham; W. A. Noice, Walmer House, Warwick Street, Worthing; J. G. Rickards, Grove House, Church Lane, Padstow, Cornwall; F. Hawley, 168 Station Road, Ilkeston; D. Watson, Sorn, Manchinie, N.B.; Cecil Darley, Edmond, Newport, Salop; J. Cochran, 84 Moyn Road, Dublin; R. Whitson, 27 Viewforth, Edinburgh; C. Russell, 24 Clarke Street, Edinburgh; Sam. Willder, 135 Ditchling Rise, Brighton.

A MAD TAILOR. Why didn't you send your address? You would have got an apology then, and a nice cigarette-case as peace offering.

E. W. B. tells me the following true incident: "A young man, rather short in stature, applied for the position of traveller to a large firm in the North of England; his references and experience were first-class, but his application was declined, and, on inquiring the reason, he was told 'he was too short.' He replied, 'I see, gentlemen, you are not quite up to date, and have not yet heard of the new measurement.' Asked what he meant, he replied, 'They measure men from the chin upwards now.' Struck by his smartness, the firm engaged him, and he soon justified their choice." I think that applicant just summed up the idea of modern-day business. No one is too long or too short who can stand measurement "from the chin up."

A. C. L., who is sixty-three years of age, and who has won several small prizes from time to time during the past fifteen years, now writes to ask me if I think he is too old to go on competing. His theory is that in running a tilt with the brains of the rising generation he will have to use so much thought and ingenuity that this may have an ill-effect upon him. In my opinion, no man is too old to enter a competition. The chief reason for holding competitions is to give readers of the paper an opportunity of pleasantly passing the time with an ultimate possibility of securing a prize. I strongly deprecate any contest which induces people to over-exert their brains merely in the struggle for a prize. So long as A. C. L. and other elderly readers find pleasure in performing the tasks set in these competitions, I see no harm whatever in their entering for them.

Mrs. HARRY writes the following interesting letter from California: "In a recent number you printed a small paragraph which claimed that the garden of Queen Margherita of Italy was the highest in the world. This is not the case, as I had a garden at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, where I grew a great many of the ordinary flowers, sweet peas, geraniums, nasturtiums, mignonette, and daffodils with as great success as I did in England. The altitude of Flagstaff is 7,280 feet, and my garden, situated in the grounds of the Lowell Observatory, was 350 feet above that, making 7,630 feet. My husband worked for Mr. Lowell (the well-known astronomer and authority on Mars) at the Observatory. Your paper is sent us by my brother-in-law regularly every week, and when we have finished with it, I pass it on to my numerous American friends, who speak highly of it. Fancy, now! It comes way up in the mountains (Sierra Madres), twelve miles from a store of any kind."

Does any reader know of an instance where *P.W.* is read at a greater height above sea level?

Dor writes that she has had an argument with her brother, who has lately started to represent a firm. She has contended that, when he is waiting to see a customer, if there are lady travellers behind him waiting, that he should give up his turn to them. She wants me to confirm this opinion. I am sorry I cannot do so, Dor: the matter is not one simply of courtesy, it is one in which larger issues are involved. A traveller for a firm is presumably working at the expense of the firm, and his time represents so much in hard cash. With every desire to be courteous, he has no right to waste the time of the firm that he represents in giving way to his competitors. When a woman enters into competition with men she ought to stand on the same level as they do. In a traveller's life there is a certain amount of waiting one's turn that is necessary, as "First come, first served," is an understood rule of the road. To have one set of travellers favourably treated at the cost of another would be exceedingly unfair. It would mean the expenses of the latter would be materially increased, the possible work of the week would be lessened, and their employers would not get the fair benefit of their labour. In addition to all this, Dor, supposing there were enough lady travellers calling on a buyer to fill up all the time that he put aside for buying, no men could possibly get near him at all.

LEILA asks me an unsettling question: "Is it right to toss for a husband?" She goes on: "There are two young men I know, both of whom I like very well; they are equal in position, good looks, and temper. They are always proposing to me, and either one would make an excellent husband. I'm sure I don't know which I like the better. Would it be sinful to spin a coin and leave the settlement to fate?" You make me tremble, LEILA. I've often feared that I never fully understood a woman's heart, now I'm sure I don't. Toss for a husband! It's enough to make Cupid break his bow and Venus burst into tears. I'm not sentimental, LEILA—we don't get much chance to be so in my work; but this suggestion of yours seems to unnerve me. Mind, I have heard of a somewhat similar case where a lady, crossing the Atlantic, was troubled with three suitors, between whom she could not choose, and, acting on

the captain's advice, she jumped overboard, thinking to marry the man who jumped in after her. Alas! two of them dived, and when all were safely back on deck again, she was still in a quandary. Three lovers, two wet and one dry. "Take the dry one," said the captain, and that settled it. Now, LEILA, I don't think much of that decision. It wasn't even fair to the damp lovers. I think, as a matter of fact, neither of the young men has touched you very deeply yet, and you would be wiser to wait for Mr. Right than to do anything so foolish as to settle the difficulty by tossing a coin.

SOLUTIONS TO "NUTS TO CRACK."

(See page 709.)

THE NOVEL PUZZLE.

My first may blow a candle out,
My second then comes in;
My whole in water moves about
Without an oar or fin—

is solved by Puffin.

THE AFTER-DINNER PROBLEM.

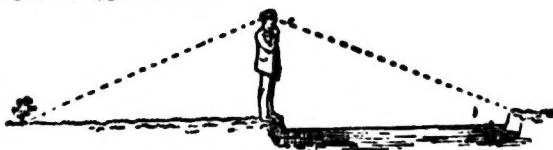
Cut the horseshoe across, below the two pipes under its curve. Place the curved piece between the two others, on its side, and then one cut between the six pipes will divide it as is required.

RIPE ORANGES.

The prices were 9d. and 8d. a dozen.

A READY RECKONER.

He stood on the edge of the bank, steadied his chin with one hand, and with the other tilted his cap till its peak just cut the top of the opposite bank.



Then, turning round, he noted exactly where the peak cut the level ground behind him, and, by stepping to that spot, was able to measure a distance equal to the width of the stream.

NEARLY £10,000 ALREADY PAID.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY } INSURANCE.
£100 CYCLING }

490 Claims already paid, including two of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newsmaster, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsmaster's receipt to the publisher of the paper, *Hampton Street, London, W.C.*, and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

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